THE BOOKMAN

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AUGUST, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

"The Southerner"

Thomas Dixon's new novel, *The Southerner,* is dedicated "To the First Southern President since Lincoln, My Friend and Classmate, Woodrow Wilson." In connection with this dedication there is a story. Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Dixon were in Johns Hopkins together, and Mr. Dixon from the beginning felt that the other man was destined for great things. In the first months of 1912 his belief that Governor Wilson would be nominated by the Democratic Party and elected became positive conviction. The Baltimore Convention was held in July. Three months before, in early April, Mr. Dixon was about to sail for Europe, to be gone until the autumn, and it was necessary to turn over to his publisher all the copy for the new book. The day before sailing he wrote the dedication which is here reproduced and sent it with the rest of the manuscript. Three months later he cabled his congratulations to Governor Wilson from Vienna.

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Price Lists

In connection with the last of Mr. Tassin's papers on "The Grub Street Problem," which appears elsewhere in this issue, it seems interesting to print a price list which indicates the cost of living problem which confronted such scribes as happened to be in California in the early mining days. Edgar Allan Poe, living in his Fordham Cottage, was faced by prices that he deemed high. But toward the end of the same decade, 1840-1850, the traveller patronising the Ward House, of San Francisco, was obliged to adjust his purse to the following bill of fare:

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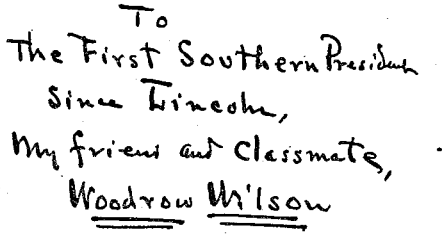
Oxtail soup	$1.00
Baker trout, anchovy sauce	1.50
Roast beef	1.00
Roast lamb, stuffed	1.00
Roast mutton, stuffed	1.00
Roast pork, with apple sauce	1.25
Baked mutton, caper sauce	1.25
Corned beef and cabbage	1.25
Ham	1.00
Curried sausages	1.00
Lamb and green peas	1.25
Venison, wine sauce	1.50
Stewed kidney, champagne sauce	1.25
Fresh eggs, each	1.00
Sweet potatoes	.50



FACSIMILE OF THE DEDICATION OF "THE SOUTHERNER"; WRITTEN THREE MONTHS BEFORE THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

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Irish potatoes	.50
Cabbage	.50
Squash	.50
Bread pudding	.75
Mince pie	.75
Brandy peaches	2.00
Rum omelette	2.00
Jelly omelette	2.00
Cheese	.50
Prunes	.75

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Conditions in California outside of San Francisco were much the same. At the El Dorado Hotel at Hangtown (a mining-camp) the dainty menu offered "beef with one potato, fair size," $1.25; "beef, up along," $1; "baked beans, greased," $1; "new potatoes, peeled," seventy-five cents; "hash, 18 karats," $1; "roast grizzly," $1; "jackass rabbit, whole," $1.50; "rice with brandy peaches," $2; and "a square meal" for $3. All payable in advance. "Gold-scales on the end of the bar." But the small, cheap gold-scales cost $30, and the coarse knives and forks not less than $25 the pair. Of course incomes were proportionately large. Clerks in stores and offices had munificent salaries; $5 a day was about the smallest stipend even in the custom-house, and one Baptist preacher was paid $10,000 a year. Labourers received a dollar an hour; a pick or a shovel was worth $10; a tin pan or wooden bowl, $5; and a butcher's knife $30. At one time the carpenters who were getting $12 a day struck for $16. Lumber rose to $500 per thousand feet, "and every brick in a house cost a dollar, one way or another." Wheat flour and salt pork sold at $40 a barrel, a small loaf of bread was fifty cents, and a hard-boiled egg a dollar. You paid $3 to get into the circus, and $55 for a private box. Men talked dollars, and a copper coin was an object of antiquarian interest. Forty dollars was the price for ordinary coarse boots; and a pair that came above the knees and would carry you gallantly through the quagmires brought a round hundred. When a shirt became very dirty, the wearer threw it away and bought a new one. Washing cost $15 a dozen in 1849. Rents were simply monstrous: $3000 a month in advance for a "store" hurriedly built of rough boards. Wright and Company paid $75,000 for the wretched little place on the corner of the Plaza that they called the Miners' Bank, and $36,000 was asked for the use of the Old Adobe as a custom-house. The Parker House paid $120,000 a year in rents, nearly one-half of that amount being collected from the gamblers who held the second floor; and the canvas tent next door, used as a gambling-saloon, and called the El Dorado, was good for $40,000 a year. From ten to fifteen per cent. a month was paid in advance for the use of money borrowed on substantial security. The prices of real estate went up among the stars; $8000 for a fifty-vara lot that had been bought in 1848 for $20.

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Mr. Harris Surprises

There are many times when we are inclined to disagree with Mr. Frank Harris, but we have never accused him of being uninteresting. In taking up an article from his pen one may reasonably look for something in the nature of a surprise. A recent number of *The Academy* of London begins a series of papers by him on American novelists of to-day, the first one dealing with the work of the late David Graham Phillips. Here the chief surprise is that a man who should know considerable about this country, for Mr. Harris tutored for a time at the University of Kansas and practised law in the Middle West, could achieve so many inaccuracies in a short page and a half of text. Mediocrity and ignorance go hand in hand, but it needed talent and imagination to make the surprising mistakes that Mr. Harris has made. The second surprise is in the writer's curious appraisement of Mr. Phillips's work. He begins his paper by a general glance at American literature. He finds that until the Civil War the literature of the

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United States had been purely English. Hawthorne and Poe might have been born in England; "but Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, and Emerson are distinctly American." On one point he differs materially from Mr. John Albert Macy, whose *Spirit of American Literature* we were discussing two months ago, and who found that Bret Harte, under the influence of Dickens, created a California that never existed. To quote Mr. Harris:

> And since these great innovators American literature has gone on unfolding on its own lines, and in the last twenty years the best works of fiction in our language have been American and not English. Harold Frederic and Stephen Crane, Frank Norris with *Wheat* and *The Pit,* Jack London in *The Call of the Wild,* and other tales, Upton Sinclair with *The Jungle,* Ambrose Bierce with at least one story, Theodore Dreiser with *Sister Carrie, Jennie Gerhardt,* and *The Financier,* and David Graham Phillips with half a dozen books are more important than the English prose writers of the same period.

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Mr. Harris ranks David Graham Phillips highly, going to the length of comparing him with Balzac. No one, he thinks, since Balzac "has studied society with such a union of the creative power of temperament and the critical power of the intellect." *White Magic, The Adventures of Joshua Craig, New Wives for Old, The Second Generation, The Hungry Heart,* and *The Husband's Story* he holds to be all books of the first order, showing extraordinary powers in their author. But in making the comparison Mr. Harris confesses himself to be unfair, "because Balzac is the greatest creator in prose who ever lived, as unapproachable in his way as Shakespeare." But he uses the higher standard, he says, because there is no other that gives the impression of Mr. Phillips's gift of story telling, his richness of invention of character, his power of suggesting the typical while giving portraits of individuals.

He has not delved so deeply into character as Balzac; he has not created types that live with the same intensity as Cousine Bette and Hulot and César Birotteau and Eugénie Grandet and Balthasar Claes, but he has approached this dæmonic power and created type after type of American that will live in fiction.

Being of the Anglo-Saxon race, it was to be expected that he would be more of a preacher than Balzac and less of an artist. His *New Wives for Old,* his *Second Generation,* his *Husband's Story,* nearly all his best works, in fact, are what is known as problem stories: they handle ethical problems of to-day, and they handle them with a very broad and clear intelligence.

But what about the brains in the books—that determining factor in all works of art, what Goethe called the "architect faculty"? Again one must admit that Mr. Phillips's vision is not so profound as Balzac's, though it is astonishingly clear and astonishingly true. For example, the ordinary American belief that the millionaire is a man of surpassing intelligence doesn't pass muster for a moment with Mr. Phillips: he knows better: he attributes to him surpassing greed, considerable unscrupulousness, and great tenacity, but that is all. His understanding, too, of women, while not so intimate and varied as that of Balzac, is yet surprisingly rich and of wide range. *White Magic* is a love story which any one might be proud of having written, were it only for its revelation of the heroine's character.

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Dickens in Paris

To a recent issue of *Les Annales,* M. Jules Claretie contributes a personal recollection of Charles Dickens which, to the best of our memory, has escaped the attention of John Forster and the other biographers. Claretie saw Dickens, not in London, but in Paris. It was of a summer evening, and the English novelist was sitting at a table of the café, on the Place de la Bourse, that was attached to the Théâtre du Vaudeville, the theatre that was the scene of Sardou's *début,* and where the younger Dumas had given *La Dame aux Camélias.* That night the Vaudeville

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was to present a piece by Dickens himself, which he had played at home with his friends, among them Wilkie Collins. In Paris the play was called *L'Abîme,* and Dickens had made the trip from England for the express purpose of witnessing its reception by the French public.

He was there at the table, with a glass of whiskey before him, while the Parisian first-nighters entered the theatre, passing this man with the grey hat, the splendid head, the long hair, and the twisted chin beard, without realising that there in Paris, this summer evening, was one of the masters of the novel, the most original of writers, one of the geniuses of the nineteenth century. Dickens watched the people enter but did not enter himself. "I shall wait," he said to a friend, "until the first act is over. It is so delightful in Paris in the evening. How can any one willingly be shut up in a theatre? As a matter of fact, he was uneasy over the result of the evening. He feared the Parisian public. It seemed to him that he had become again the humble little newspaper reporter of other days, the little Boz (M. Claretie or the French compositor has made "Booz"). He sought a pretext for escape. This man, who ordinarily feared nothing, this lecturer accustomed to facing crowds, trembled before twelve critics and an audience of Parisian women. "Let us go to Mabille," he said to his friends. "I will return to learn the result when the play is finished." So to Mabille. But, while watching the celebrated dancers, he was thinking only of *L'Abîme,* and of his players and of the Vaudeville. The hour drew near when the drama must have either triumphed or foundered. Charles Dickens took a carriage and called to the driver, "Théâtre du Vaudeville! Place de la Bourse!" But halfway on the journey the special fear that agitated the author of *David Copperfield* increased to the point that he looked at his watch and changed his orders. "No. Gare du Nord, driver! We still have time to catch the train for Boulogne!" And he took the train, not without strongly urging his friend to send him a telegram at once announcing the result of the presentation of *L'Abîme.* And it was from Boulogne-sur-Mer that Charles Dickens thanked the applauded actors in his piece, players that he did not know, in a French drama that he had never seen.

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Joseph Conrad

Naturally, we resent a good many of the "best sellers." There is Mr. A. B. C. and Mrs. D. E. F., and Miss G. H. I., and again Mr. X. Y. Z. What have they ever done that their books should have sold in the hundreds of thousands? Not that we begrudge them their prosperity in a profession that despite improved conditions is comparatively unprofitable. But it is just a little exasperating when we contrast their material success with that of such a writer as Joseph Conrad, for example, whose splendid invention and fine style have been thoroughly appreciated, but very inadequately rewarded. Yet there are indications that Mr. Conrad is finally coming into his own. New editions of *Youth* and *The Point of Honour* have just been issued, and we think that a courageous publisher would have no cause to regret the launching of a uniform edition of Conrad's works.

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Not the least of Joseph Conrad's achievements is that his splendid style is in an acquired language. He is a Pole by birth, and his early years were spent in Poland. From at least two generations he inherited a keen interest in literature, but his ancestors were men of action, too. His grandfather was in Napoleon's *Grand Armée,* and his father attached himself to the revolutionary movement in Poland and suffered imprisonment for his opinions. At the age of thirteen Joseph made his way to Paris, drifted to Marseilles, thence into a merchant house, and afterward to a seafaring life. As a merchant seaman he went through all the grades, finally becoming full captain of English marine. He served in most quarters of the globe, but chiefly in the Pacific and on the Borneo coast, and once commanded a steamer on the Congo.

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The Brave Old Years

Mr. Henry James has remained so persistently "modern" that one heard with something of a shock only the other day of his attainment to the mellow estate of the septuagenarian. Now he has written himself irrevocably into the ranks of the veterans of letters by indulging in reminiscences running back no less than to the early forties of the last century. If it is difficult to conceive him as old, it is at least equally so to figure him as actually young. Even his earliest literary efforts betrayed a calm sophistication which belongs to no age. To evoke the childish lineaments of one who seems precociously to have been born grown up is, one might suppose, a feat demanding the finest literary gift. Well, Mr.

From the Drawing by Will Rothenstein

JOSEPH CONRAD

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James possesses a gift equal to this severe test. In *A Small Boy and Others* he indulges the mood of mellow reminiscence with a freedom wholly delightful. Out of the pages of the loosely articulated narrative emerges the remarkable, the engaging figure of the small H. J., Jr., along with a host of his early contemporaries, and, not less entertaining, bright, vivid pictures of the places in which those early years were passed—Albany, New York, Staten Island, London, Paris, Geneva, Boulogne. To the true Knickerbocker, if such there still be, this book must be a treasure, with its beguiling picture of the leisurely, the comfortable, the provincial New York of nearly three-quarters of a century gone.

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In those days the James family was domiciled in Fourteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Near at hand was Broadway, even then a street of wonder and mysterious delights, "a sphere of a different order of fascination, and bristling, as I seem to recall, with more vivid aspects, greater curiosities and wonderments. *The* curiosity was of course the country-place, as I supposed it to be, on the northeast corner of Eighteenth Street, if I am not mistaken; a big brown house in 'grounds' peopled with animal life, which, little as its site may appear to know it to-day, lingered on into considerably later years. I have but to close my eyes in order to open them inwardly again, while I lean against the tall brown iron rails and peer through, to a romantic view of browsing and pecking and parading creatures, not numerous, but all of distinguished appearance: two or three elegant little cows of refined form and colour, two or three nibbling fawns and a larger company, above all, of peacocks and guinea-fowl, with, doubtless—though as to this I am vague—some of the commoner ornaments of the barnyard."

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In Fifth Avenue, near Ninth Street, was a placard or boarding for theatrical announcements, which became the point of departure for the youthful critic's first experience of the histrionic art. He recalls an evening at Burton's Theatre in Chambers Street, and "the sacred thrill with which I began to watch the green curtain, the particular one that was to rise to *The Comedy of Errors* on the occasion that must have been, for what I recall of its almost unbearable intensity, the very first of my ever sitting at a play. . . . When not admiring Mr. Burton in Shakespeare, we admired him as Paul Pry, as Mr. Toodles and as Aminadab Sleek in *The Serious Family,* and we must have admired him very much—his huge, fat person, his huge, fat face and his vast, slightly pendulous cheek, surmounted by a sort of elephantine wink, to which I impute a remarkable baseness, being still perfectly present to me." Later on came Brougham's Lyceum and Wallack's, where he prodigiously admired Mr. Blake and Miss Mary Taylor. "We rallied especially to Blake as Dogberry, on the occasion of my second Shakespearean night, for as such I seem to place it, when Laura Keene and Mr. Lester—the Lester Wallack that was to be—did Beatrice and Benedick." And then, at no long interval, to the Broadway, "a confessed theatre," and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Everything here is as of yesterday, the identity of the actors, the details of their dress, the charm imparted by the sisters Gougenheim, the elegant elder as the infatuated Helena, and the other, the roguish "Joey," as the mischievous Puck. Hermia was Mrs. Nagle, in a short salmon-coloured peplum over a white petticoat, the whole bulgingly confined by a girdle of shining gilt and forming a contrast to the loose scarves of Helena, while Mr. Nagle, not devoid, I seem to remember, of a blue chin and the latency of a fine brogue, was either Lysander or Demetrius; Mr. Davidge (also, I surmise, with a brogue) was Bottom the weaver, and Madame Ponisi, Oberon—Madame Ponisi, whose range must have been wide, since I see her also as the white-veiled heroine of *The Cataract of the Ganges,* where, preferring death to dishonour, she dashes up the more or less perpendicular

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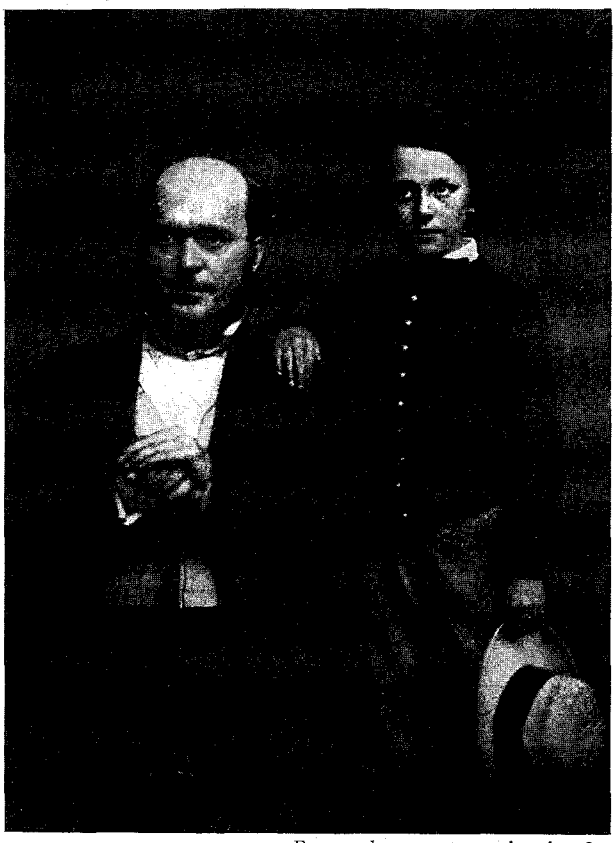

From a daguerreotype taken in 1854

HENRY JAMES AND HIS FATHER

waterfall on a fiery black steed, and with an effect only a little blighted by the chance flutter of a drapery out of which peeps the leg of a trouser and a big male foot. There were even, incredible as it may seem, occasions of the mere vulgar amusements of ordinary commonplace youth, such as "the scene of my great public exposure somewhat later, the wonderful exhibition of Signor Blitz, the peerless conjurer, who, on my attending his entertainment with W. J. and our frequent comrade of the early time, 'Hal' Coster, practised on my innocence to seduce me to the stage and there plunge me into the shame of my sad failure to account arithmetically for his bewilderingly subtracted or added or divided pocket handkerchiefs and playing-cards."

Of the senior Henry James there are a few, all too few, glimpses, and some vivid silhouettes of the elder brother, William James. "As I catch W. J.'s image, from far back, at its most characteristic, he sits drawing and drawing, always drawing, especially under the lamplight of the Fourteenth Street back parlour; and not as with a plodding patience, which I think would less have affected me, but easily, freely and, as who should say, infallibly; always at the stage of finishing off, his head dropped from side to side and his tongue rubbing his lower lip." Some years later we get an admirable presentation of the brothers in the thicker air of London, where they had for tutor the Scotch

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Mr. Robert Thompson, later to become the teacher of R. L. Stevenson. "It is a very odd and yet to myself very rich and full reminiscence, though I remember how, looking back at it from after days, W. J. denounced it to me, and with it the following year and more spent in Paris, as a poor and arid and lamentable time, in which, missing such larger chances and connections as we might have reached out to, we had done nothing, he and I, but walk about together, in a state of the direst propriety, little 'high' black hats and inveterate gloves, the childish costume of the place and period, to stare at grey street scenery (that of early Victorian London had tones of a neutrality!), dawdle at shop windows and buy water-colours and brushes with which to bedaub eternal drawing-blocks." It is clear enough, the curious differences of character and temper between these two youths of future distinction, with whom, indeed, the still younger brother, Wilky, formed a trio of symmetrical contrasts. Of this younger boy, not to be known to fame, H. J. writes: "To meet in memory meanwhile even this early flicker of him is to know again something of the sense that I attached all along our boyhood to his successful sociability, his instinct for intercourse, his genius (as I have used the word) for making friends. It was the only genius he had, declaring itself from his tenderest years, never knowing the shadow of defeat, and giving me, above all, from as far back and by the very radiation of the fact endlessly much to think of. For I had in a manner, thanks to the radiation, much of the benefit; his geniality was absolutely such that the friends he made were made almost less for himself, so to speak, than for other friends—of whom, indeed, we, his own adjuncts, were easily first—so far at least as he discriminated." Against this may be placed one sinister glimpse of the sardonic humour of which the elder brother and future philosopher was even then capable: "I remember that on my once offering him my company in conditions, those of some planned excursion, in which it wasn't desired, his putting the question of our difference at rest, with the minimum of explanation, by the responsible remark: 'I play with boys who curse and swear!'"

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Memories

In the course of his new volume, *The Pathos of Distance,* Mr. James Huneker tells of many new promenades, one of which took him about New York and inspired him to contrast the past and the present. Wall Street suggests to his mind the mirth makers in Poe's shuddering tale, "The Mask of the Red Death." Only the hustling little manikins of the street do not halt their chaffering when the quarters chime from Trinity steeple. What amazes Mr. Huneker most in his contemplation of the city is that Washington Square has in part escaped the rage of the iconoclasts.

It still looks, on the north side, like an early novel of Mr. James. Some of lower Fifth Avenue is natural. But woe! When you pass north of Fourteenth Street, where are the mansions of yesteryear? The pave over which once passed the trim boots of a vanishing aristocracy now holds a multitude of Yiddish workers from the ugly factories along this part of the avenue, men who talk in a harsh speech and block progress from twelve to one o'clock every weekday. Occasionally Mark Twain, in white and always smoking, goes by, not a phantom, but a reality who makes us believe the past was not a nightmare. (I speak of ten years ago.) However, if Mr. Howells can admire the new Rome and take it in tranquil doses, why should we selfishly resent the destruction of our pleasant memories to make way for such alien shapes?

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There is a chapter in *The Pathos of Distance* dealing with the later George Moore. Mr. Moore once asked regarding a certain writer, "What is he the author of?" Commenting upon this, Mr. Huneker points out that when we say Shakespeare, Balzac, Goethe, Wag-

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JAMES HUNEKER

ner, we do not think of titles of their works. But Flaubert we know as the author of *Madame Bovary,* Bizet as the composer of *Carmen,* and Moreau as the artist who gave the world a marvellous Salome. Of what, then, is George Moore the author? In Mr. Huneker's opinion, *Esther Waters.*

It may be suggested that, after all, Esther is the type, a poor, colourless type at that, of thousands of unhappy English servant-girls. Nevertheless, it was a feat to set her before us so vividly, in a manner that at moments recalls Dickens and Zola. Moore spent his formative years in Paris and could not escape the turbid surf of the new naturalism. He shows its colour and mass in that real story, *A Mummer's Wife,* which contains descriptions of the pottery country that Thomas Hardy might have signed, and for a heroine—if Kate Ede can be allotted such a high-sounding title—a woman who

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has a little of Emma Bovary and something of Zola's Gervaise in her make-up; the pretty vanity of the one and the terrible thirst of the other.

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The dramatised version of *Esther Waters,* by the way, recently came to us in book form. In the preface Mr. Moore tells that the Stage Society wished to produce *Esther Waters,* but that vanity prompted the thought that it was beneath his dignity to submit the play to

JULIAN STREET

the judgment of the Committee. He wrote to George Bernard Shaw about the matter, and received the following characteristic reply:

I have tried every possible way of bringing about the correct position, but it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than to get any sort of delicate *nuance* of manners into the head of a well-intentioned British Committee. Whelan's difficulty is that if he pledges himself to anything, his committee may throw him over. He knows by experience that a play has to be quite extraordinarily bad to obtain unanimous support. All our great achievements with Ibsen, Tolstoy, Tchekoff, etc., have been scraped through by snatched divisions, and majorities of one at that. An exquisite play by Tchekoff was actually hissed. You cannot conceive how inferior we are (a small circle excepted) to the common playgoer. However, I will go at Whelan again and make him understand that you do not propose to reopen the question of your choice of a profession with him.

G. B. S.

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Another View

Mr. Huneker, approaching New York, pictures Stendhal, the great cosmopolitan, viewing with angry, contemptuous eyes, the towering triumphs of a democracy he so loathed. We do not find any allusions to Stendhal, or Merlin the Magician, or Prester John, or Asmodeus, in Mr. Julian Street's *Welcome to Our City.* Yet the latter book leaves no doubt of its author's grim convictions. There is one point upon which the two writers seem positively to disagree. Mr. Huneker suggests that over the portals of Ellis Island might be inscribed "All despair abandon, ye who enter here." The argument of Mr. Street's book is that the word should be "hope" instead of "despair." To him the city is not the melting pot, it is a place of which the anthem is "It's a shame to take the money, but we need it in our business." He pictures a couple from somewhere in the Middle West visiting New York and falling into the hands of the modern equivalents of the robber barons of the Rhine. First there is the Afro-American gentleman in the Pullman uniform; then the station porter; then the taxi driver; then the carriage starter at the hotel (in a uniform copied from that worn by King George at the Durbar); then in turn, the bellboy, another bellboy, a third, the hotel porter, the maid, the barber, the Hat Snatchers, the waiters, and the rest, all the plundering host, all the sons and daughters of the Tip. Both Mr. Huneker's description and

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Mr. Street's are vivid; but of the two we should say that the former is decidedly the less appalling.

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C. A. Smith and O. Henry

Among the many persons who have come forward to express their affection for O. Henry as boy and man, as writer and friend, is Professor C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, whose book, *What Can Literature Do For Me?*, has just been published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Professor Smith was the Exchange Professor to Berlin a year or so ago. His friendship for O. Henry is attested in one of his letters, in which he says: "I write now to say, that I knew O. Henry intimately until he left Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1882. Will Porter was one of the purest and most engaging boys that I have ever known. He was the most popular boy in Greensboro, and some of his pencil sketches still remain to testify to his keenness of observation and his breadth of sympathy." Professor Smith also was kind enough to give permission for the publication of one of the letters he received from W. S. Porter while the latter was turning out stories at the old Caledonia in New York as fast as he could and getting fabulous prices for them. Here is the letter:

My Dear 'Phon:

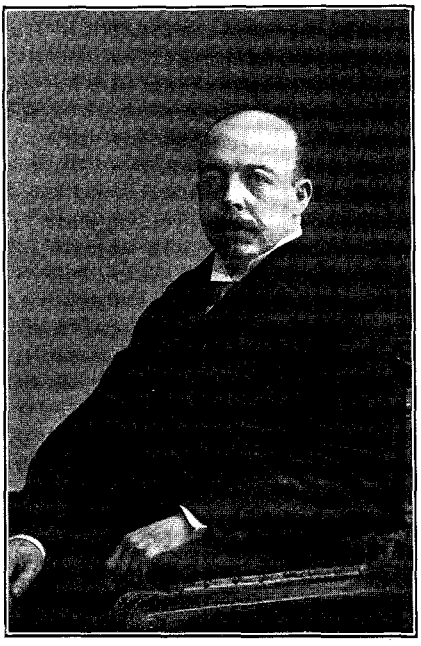
I freely admit that as a correspondent I am a yellow hound dog and deserve a good, strong kick. But you would'nt hurt my heart when you gave it to me, for it is in the place where it belongs. And I want a chance to let you be from Missouri.

Mrs. P. and I are awfully sorry we couldn't come to the Society feed to-night—it's my fault—I have been sort of under the weather for a week or two—but we certainly do appreciate the invitation that came through you.

If you are going to be in the city for a day or two won't you, please Sir, let us see you and let me strike my forehead three times on the floor before you and convince you that it was writer's cramp and nothing else that has made me postpone so long the expression of the undiminished regard that I still have for you and the rest of the "gang."

We are living at the Hotel Chelsea on West 23d Street, and I have a sort of office apartment at 28 West 26th Street, where, from about ten A. M. to six P. M., I do the bread and butter stunt.

Please, 'Phon, for Gawd's sake call me up to-morrow or to-day and say if you will



C. ALPHONSO SMITH

lunch or dine with us while you are here. If you haven't the time, I'd like the best in the world to come up to the Astor or anywhere at your convenience and see you before you leave. Mighty sorry we couldn't be at the grubfest.

Yours as always,
W. S. PORTER.

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Here is another letter concerning O. Henry which speaks for itself:

Editor the BOOKMAN:

In the July number on page 507 you refer to O. Henry having been drawn "into a San Antonio political fight—the O'Brien-Callaghan mayoralty campaign."

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I have been a close follower and sincere lover of O. Henry since his early efforts first received notice, and I am of the belief, and on inquiry I am convinced that you are mistaken in this assertion. There must be some confusion in the name. Mr. Callaghan's first name was Bryan and he was mayor of San Antonio almost uninterruptedly for twenty years, but I am unable to find any record of him ever having had an opponent by the O'Brien name.

I am writing you this, thinking perhaps Doubleday, Page and Company are to use it in the forthcoming biography of Mr. Porter, and I am sure if Mr. Steger were alive he would investigate it before he went to bat with it, as it were. He, also, was a good friend of mine.

There's a good story in the late Callaghan, by the way. He was born of French, Spanish and Irish parentage. He was educated abroad, and while he was a notorious character in this city, yet at the same time, he held a remarkable sway over its voters.

Yours very respectfully,

PARKER F. SHERWIN.

• • •

Stones of Paris

Last month we were recording the passing of the Maison Vauquer of Balzac's *Père Goriot,* and of the Café Anglais in the Boulevard des Italiens. Now comes the news of the departure of another literary landmark of Paris, the Café Vachette in the Boulevard St. Michel. For years the Vachette was a favourite resort of the men of letters who lived on the south side of the Seine. Paul Verlaine frequented it, watching the passing throng from a corner of the red leather divan, and finding the inspiration for new verses in the absinthe glass on the table before him. Jean Moréas was the last of the café's famous literary patrons. Every evening, at nine o'clock, he appeared there, wearing the inevitable monocle, and was soon surrounded by a group of younger poets who listened respectfully to his discourse.

• • •

Rochefort

During the last ten years of his life Henri Rochefort, who died the other day, was still a personality, but had ceased to be a power. The world had changed and he had not kept up with it, and Paris journalism to-day is very different from what it was at the time when Rochefort started *La Lanterne.* Yet with his death there passed an exceedingly strange and interesting figure. He had encountered so much in his lifetime, he had met so many famous personages, he had confronted so many dangers and come out unscathed, he had played so vigorous a part in contemporaneous history. He was the bitterest enemy of Napoleon III. He was a leader of the Commune; and when Boulanger essayed his serio-comic *coup d'état* he was the General's most staunch supporter, not because he was in sympathy with Boulanger's ambitions, but because he was glad of the opportunity to attack the existing Ministry, and because anything in the nature of a row delighted him. No one ever knew what Rochefort's political convictions were, and probably he never had any. But there was never any doubt of his unusual gifts. He was a brilliant writer and a keen critic. During his lifetime he attempted nearly everything. He wrote novels, produced plays, showed some talent as a sculptor, fought duels, sat in Parliament, carried arms against the State, wore the convict's stripes, heard his own death sentence pronounced, made thrilling escapes from fortresses and prisons, and spent long years in exile.

• • •

Alphonse Daudet, in one of the chapters of *Thirty Years in Paris,* tells that about 1859 he became acquainted with a most excellent fellow, an under clerk in one of the departments at the Hôtel de Ville. His name was Henri Rochefort, but that name meant nothing then. He was leading a modest and very orderly life, living with his parents in a very commonplace street. To Daudet Rochefort was a little like his street, and held his past very cheap. He was known to be of noble birth, the son of a count. He seemed not to know it himself, allow-

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ing people to call him plain Rochefort. But all that was soon to change. His *début* in journalism was made as dramatic and musical critic of an obscure theatrical sheet. The young man knew little about the theatre and less about music. The editor of the paper told him he could not afford to pay a salary but promised to give him plenty of theatre tickets. Then he went with *Charivari,* where one of his first duties was to invent legends for pictures and cartoons drawn by Daumier. Of this period Rochefort recorded in his *Memoirs:*

> The artist often turned in his pictures without having himself the slightest idea what he meant to represent, and I had to break my head to make the text fit intelligently. For that work I received five francs. In those days, if any one had predicted that a day would come when a writer of one short article a day would earn as much as two thousand francs a month, he would be set down as a visionary and illusionist. Later, when I joined the *Figaro* staff, and it got abroad among the Boulevard cafés that my articles were paid one hundred and twenty francs each, the crowd stood for hours in the street waiting to see me come out of the office. The *Charivari* paid two cents a line, but as each writer was limited to one hundred lines, this made it impossible for us to earn more than ten francs a day.

• • •

When Rochefort joined the staff of the *Nain Jaune* that paper was under the management of Aurélien Scholl. His success there was so rapid that Villemessent of *Figaro* hastened to enlist him. At once he became a power. To quote Alphonse Daudet: "Rochefort is fairly launched, he fights duels, he plays a bold game, lives freely, fills Paris with the echoes of his name, and remains in spite of everything, in spite of the triumph of an evening or of a single hour, the same Rochefort whom I had known at the Hôtel de Ville, still of a kindly and obliging disposition, still modest, always anxious concerning his next article, always afraid that he had emptied his bag, exhausted the lode and that he will be unable to go on. Villemessent, naturally despotic with his editors, has a sort of awe-struck admiration for him. That impassive, scoffing mass, that self-willed and capricious temperament astonishes him." During the lifetime of the Duc de Morny Rochefort enjoyed comparative immunity. But after Morny's death the persecutions began. Rochefort, spurred on by them, redoubled his insolence and audacity. Fines poured down upon him like hail, imprisonment succeeded fines. Then the censorship took a hand. The very existence of *Figaro* was threatened, and Rochefort had to leave the paper. Thereupon he founded *La Lanterne,* and boldly hoisted the black flag of piracy.

• • •

The first number of *La Lanterne* appeared May 23, 1868. The paper was started with a capital of twenty thousand francs, subscribed by Villemessent, editor of the *Figaro,* and M. Dumont, one of the proprietors of that journal. An edition of four thousand copies of the first number was thought, by Rochefort, to be large enough, but the optimistic printer prevailed upon him to print fifteen thousand. The day of publication arrived. *La Lanterne* was issued at eleven in the morning, and two hours later the entire edition was sold. By four o'clock they had sold forty thousand copies, and the presses were still going at full speed, unable to satisfy the demand. By the next morning one hundred and twenty thousand copies had been sold, and Rochefort himself had to run all over Paris to recruit binders to sew the copies. No such journalistic success had ever been known. The second number was even more of a success than the first, and the Parisians literally fought to secure copies before they were seized by the police. Though effective, Rochefort's attacks upon the Emperor seem from the present point of view, rather trivial. They were usually couched in this strain: "The State has ordered from M. Barye the equestrian statue of Napoleon III. M. Barye is one of our best sculptors of animals."

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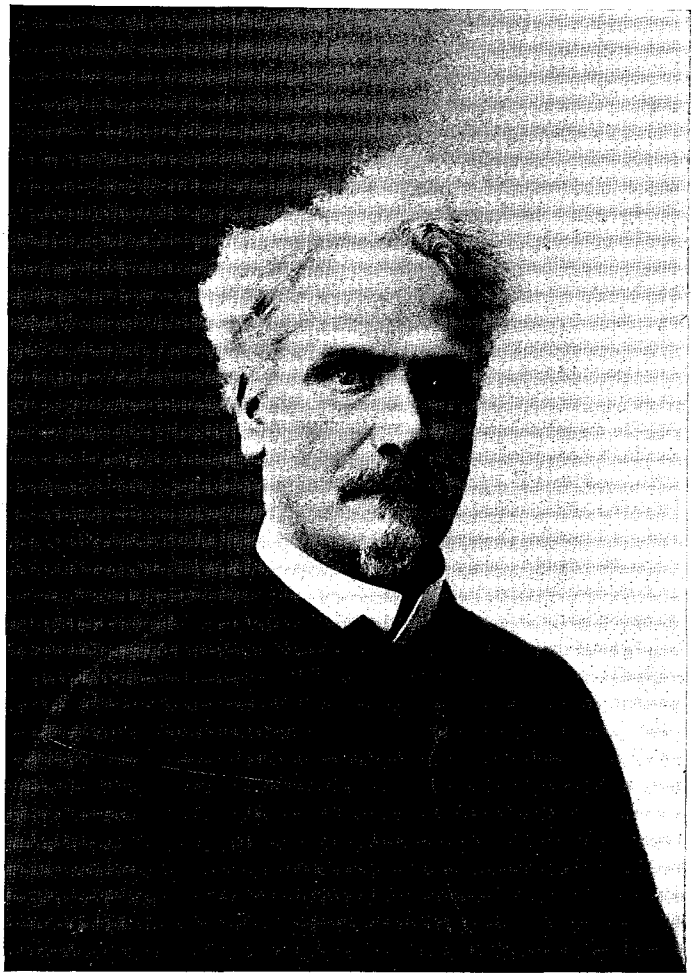

THE LATE HENRI ROCHEFORT

Several unsuccessful attempts were made to stop the publication of *La Lanterne*. It unquestionably contributed much to bringing about the final fall of the Empire.

• • •

Since Flaubert

We have not read Mr. Goodman's *Hagar Revelly*, but a review of it, written by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper, appeared in the July number of the BOOKMAN. In the advertising pages of the same issue there were printed some extracts from letters to the author enthusiastically endorsing the book. One of these went on to say: "You have written about a woman a book greater than any since Flaubert wrote *Madame Bovary*." Now we are not questioning either this writer's sincerity or his (or her) literary discrimination. But in reading these notes of unqualified eulogy (and they are being printed rather frequently these days) we always wonder whether the writers have seriously weighed their words. "A book about a woman greater than any since Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*." That is a

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strong statement. *Madame Bovary* was written a good many years ago, and a number of very distinguished books about women have appeared in the meantime. Innumerable challenges might reasonably come from Russia, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, France, England and the United States. As a matter of fact, as a book about a woman, Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho* is so immeasurably superior to Flaubert's masterpiece that comparison is out of the question. When *Sapho* is properly appraised the book that stands above it will be at the very apex of all fiction.

• • •

Marse Tom at Co'te

These verses by Robert Bridges—the American Robert Bridges be it understood—were read at a dinner of the Lotus Club, in New York, in honour of Thomas Nelson Page, shortly before he left this country as Ambassador to Italy.

Sarvent Marster! Is dis de co'te
  Whar my Marse Tom is 'bleeged to go,
Warin' short pants and his best coat—
  Lookin' mighty gran', I tell you so?
You'd know? 'Bassadur, he is—
  Bigger'n President, sho' it is!

Golly boy, is you de King
  Warin' all dat lace an' gol',
Powder'haid, an' big brass ring,
  And stuffed wid all de pride you'll hol'?
Well, I 'clar' ter Gord! A sarvin' man!
  And I done think you royal and gran'!

Yes, suh, I'se Unc' Gabe, Marse Page's man,
  I raise dat chile, an' hol' his han'
And tuk him to school, an' writ his books
  And brung him up to min' his looks.
Dey ain' nuffin' dat boy knows
  I ain' put on 'im wid his clo'es.
All de folkses he writ about
  Were 'zackly as I foun' 'em out;
Gordon Keith, Meh Lady, an' Marse Chan,
  Doctor Cary and dat nigger Sam,
Mistress Polly and Jacquelin Gray
  Were fren's o' mine, an' people say
Dat Marse Tom woundn' 'a' got to co'te
  Ef he didn't wrote 'em down jes ez I tho't.

Dar's de King? He sut'nly is quality!
  You tell dat King Marse Tom's as good ez he;
D' ain' nuffin' Ole Ferginyer, I know,
  Better'n our folks is—jes so!
An' w'en America wants her bes'
  Old Ferginyer leads all de res'—
De Presiden', Marse Tom an' me
  Is jes' a few of de quality.
Bow yo' haid, you onnery cuss—
  Dat's Marse Tom a'lookin' at us!

• • •

The New Laureate

The selection of Robert Bridges as England's sixteenth poet laureate is entirely dignified, but by no means impressive. Mr. Bridges is an admirable poet, but his works can hardly be said to have fired the popular imagination. As a matter of fact, no one in England seemed to be very much excited over the selection of Alfred Austin's successor. Perhaps the most curious feature of the whole affair was that the name of a woman was mentioned in several places as having claims to the distinction. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* of London, devoted two columns to proclaiming that Mrs. Alice Meynell was "the greatest of living poets." Mr. Clement Shorter conceded that Mrs. Meynell is "a great poet in an age when women are doing some of the very best work in poetry," but thought her selection for the honour impossible at a moment when "a small section of the women of England are succumbing to hysteria and madness." Mr. Shorter's choice was Thomas Hardy.

By a consensus of opinion among all literary men and women of to-day Mr. Hardy takes the first place in our literary world. There can, therefore, be no hesitation in conferring the honour upon the writer who stands thus pre-eminent among his fellows. Of late years Mr. Hardy has concentrated his mind entirely upon poetry, and he lives in its realms. Had I a scrap of influence, which I have not, I would therefore entreat his Majesty and the Prime Minister with all becoming humility to give this office to the greatest man of letters our country can now boast.

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Mr. Shorter acknowledges that he was in error in suggesting that Mr. Swinburne was disappointed that he did not receive the laureateship when Tennyson died. Mr. Swinburne, it appears, was very indignant that his own name should have been bandied about in the various newspapers at the time. "I know," writes a friend of his, "that he would have refused the laureateship if an honorarium of £5,000 a year had been offered to him for accepting it. So far from being annoyed by Lord Salisbury's appointment of Mr. Austin, Swinburne, strong as he was against the obsolete post of laureateship, approved of the appointment of a writer of verse who was primarily an eminent publicist."

IFS FOR CUBISTS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

If you can paint a head, when all about you
Seem standing on their own to look at you.
If you can draw a stair though all men doubt you,—
Yet make them swear it *is* a staircase, too.
If you can fake and not get caught at faking,
If you can paint a disembodied pain,
Or symbolise a very young earth quaking;
And yet don't paint too good nor draw too plain.

If you can catch expressions with a lasso,
Or spear emotions with unerring aim;
If you can study Matisse and Picasse,
Yet call those two, Impostors, just the same.
If you can bear to see the Cubes you've painted
Jeered by the wise to make a joke for fools,
And hear your Masterpiece, *"An Angel Fainted,"*
Jibed by the worn-out codes of worn-out schools.

If you can make one heap of all your scrapings,
And sling it at your canvas,—pitch-and-toss;
Then with a palette-knife suggest some shapings
Of crabs cavorting in a Skein of Floss.
If you can force committee men to view it;
Although they swear long after they are gone;
And get it hung, when there is nothing to it
Except the palette-scrapings you flung on.

If you can draw a crowd and keep your temper,
Or paint a nude, nor lose the Cubist touch;
If you can kalsomine her in distemper,
And indicate her soul,—but not too much.
If you can gull the unsuspecting critic
With sixty pictures that do not exist;
You'll have the Artists all struck paralytic;
And what is more you'll be a Futurist.

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UNCLE REMUS, BRER RABBIT, AND THE LITTLE BOY. DRAWN BY O. HENRY FOR HIS DAUGHTER

LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR W. PAGE

Part III—As He Showed Himself in His Letters

Collections of material about an author are not respecters of chronology, and in the material concerning O. Henry assembled chiefly by the energy of the late Harry Peyton Steger are many curious contrasts—little printed rejection slips from Sunday newspapers of an early date keeping company with long and appreciative letters of later date from magazine editors, and clippings from the London *Spectator* comparing O. Henry with Stevenson.

There are letters of O. Henry's telling of his first experiences with "the editor fellers" and recent book reports which show that the public has bought seven hundred and fifty thousand copies of his books in twelve months, and that two of his stories have been put on the stage and many of them dramatised for the "movies."

But in all the material, reports, biographical sketches, and so forth, the most revealing things are his own letters. Almost always they are filled with quaint conceits, usually with a kind of cartoon humour and sometimes with puns. They show little scholarship, but much humanity. They are the kind of letters that give the most pleasure to an average person.

In the last years of his life Sydney Porter was never well and he constantly referred to his ill health in his letters, but always with good humour and good cheer.

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SCENE FROM NORMAN HACKETT'S DRAMATISATION OF O. HENRY'S "A DOUBLE-DYED DECEIVER"

For instance, he wrote in a letter to his publishers:

MY DEAR MR. LANIER: In a short time, say two weeks at the outside, I'll turn in enough of the book for the purposes you require, as per your recent letter.

I've been pretty well handicapped for a couple of months and am in the hands of a fine tyrant of a doctor, who makes me come to see him every other day, and who has forbidden me to leave the city until he is through with me, and then only under his own auspices and direction. It seems that the goddess Hygiene and I have been strangers for years; and now Science must step in and repair the damage. My doctor is a miracle worker and promises that in a few weeks he will double my capacity, which sounds very good both for me and for him, when the payment of the bill is considered.

Later he wrote Mr. Steger from Asheville:

DEAR COLONEL STEGER: I'd have answered your letter, but I've been under the weather with a slight relapse. But on the whole I'm improving vastly. I've a doctor here who says I've absolutely no physical trouble except neurasthenia, and that outdoor exercise and air will fix me as good as new. As for the diagnosis of the New York doctors—they are absolutely without foundation. I am twenty pounds lighter and can climb mountains like a goat.

Some time previous to this he wrote in a similar vein to a New York editor:

MY DEAR COLONEL: I've been intending to write you a long time, but the fact is, I haven't written a line of MSS. and scarcely a letter since I've been down here. I've been putting in all my time trying to get back in good shape again. The simple life has been the thing I needed, and by or before Christmas I expect to be at work again in better condition than ever. It is lonesome down here as Broadway when you are broke, but I shall try to stick it out a couple of weeks or so longer.

Tell *Hampton's* not to get discouraged about their story. It'll come pretty soon, and be all the better for the wait. As I said, I haven't sent out a line since I've been

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here—haven't earned a cent; just lived on nerve and persimmons.

Hope you'll get your project through all right, and make a million. With the same old fraternal and nocturnal regards, I remain,

Yours as usual,
S. P.

His ill health kept him from writing either much or regularly, and consequently he was often temporarily out of money in spite of the fact that his stories were in great demand. To the same editor to whom he wrote of his health at another time he sent this typical letter concerning finances.

THE CALEDONIA.

MY DEAR COLONEL GRIFFITH: If you've got $100 right in your desk drawer you can have my next story, which will be ready next Tuesday at the latest. That will pay half. The other half on delivery.

I'm always wanting money, and I have to have a century this morning.

I just wanted to give you a chance at the story *at summer rates,* if you want it.

DR. BEALL

A good-natured young doctor named Beall
Was quite pleased when his patients got well.
When they didn't do so
He would blame the drug-sto'
And say, "Drugs is now made for to sell."

DR. LOGAN

A skilful physician was John,
And sent for by all the bon ton,*
But his coffee too sweet,
Or a draught on his feet,
Caused him wildly to grieve and despond.

Please give the bearer a positive answer, as I'll have to know at once so as to place it elsewhere this forenoon.

Yours very truly,
SYDNEY PORTER.

P.S.—Story guaranteed satisfactory or another supplied.

This letter was written when his stories were in great demand, when he could sell many more than he could write, and sell them at higher prices than this letter indicates. Not ten years before that, however, he was unknown to the magazine field of literature.

About the time that he succeeded in selling his first stories to *Everybody's* he began a correspondence with an old friend, A. J. Jennings, ex-train robber, lawyer, author, and reformer, which contains the history of the now famous story *Holding Up a Train.* The first letter was as follows:

DEAR JENNINGS: I have intended to write you and Billy every week since I left, but kept postponing it because I expect to move on to Washington (sounds like Stonewall Jackson talk, doesn't it?) almost any time. I am very comfortably situated here, but

*To be pronounced to rhyme with John. Refrain from exposing the ignorance of the Poet and displaying your own erudition by remarking on the unsuitability of the rhyme as would result from the French pronunciation. Give us liberty or give us death.—THE POET.

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expect to leave in a couple of weeks anyhow.

I have been doing quite a deal of business with the editors since I got down to work, and have made more than I could at any other business.

I want to say that Pittsburgh is the "low-downdest" hole on the surface of the earth.

"JOE" MOREHEAD

A gallant young lawyer named Joe
Was supposed to be not on the flo',
But his beauty and wit
Forced him soon to submit.
Now the bottle and banjo must go.

The people here are the most ignorant, ill-bred, contemptible, boorish, degraded, insulting, sordid, vile, foul-mouthed, indecent, profane, drunken, dirty, mean, depraved curs that I ever imagined could exist. I shall linger here no longer than necessary.

Special regards to "Tex." Love to Hans and Fritz.

Sincerely yours,
W. S. P.

The first letter suggested the idea which was later worked out between them, Jennings supplying the data and Porter putting on the finishing touches. In the second letter O. Henry explained how the article ought to be writen. A part of this letter might well be in every beginner's scrap-book, for there was never better advice about writing: "Begin abruptly without any philosophising" is part of his doctrine. I know of one magazine office where they take out the first paragraph of at least a third of the articles that are accepted for the simple reason that they do not add anything to the story. These first paragraphs bear the same relation to progress in the story as cranking an automobile does to progress on the road. They are merely to get the engine running.

"Describe the facts and details—information is what we want—the main idea is to be natural, direct, and concise." It would be hard to get better advice than this. Here is the letter:

DEAR PARD: In regard to that article—I will give you my idea of what is wanted. Say we take for a title "The Art and Humour of the Hold-up"—or something like that. I would suggest that in writing you assume a character. We have got to respect the conventions and illusions of the public to a certain extent. An article written as you would naturally write it would be regarded as a fake and an imposition. Remember that the traditions must be preserved wherever they will not interfere with the truth. Write in as simple, plain and unembellished a style as you know how. Make your sentences short. Put in as much realism and as many facts as possible. Where you want to express an opinion or comment on the matter, do it as practically and plainly as you can. Give it life and the vitality of facts.

Besides, on general principles, I have a special object in writing to you just now. I have stirred up quite a correspondence with the editor of *Everybody's Magazine*. I have sold him two articles in August, and have orders for others. In writing to him some time ago I suggested an article with a title something like "The Art and Humour of Holding Up a Train," telling him that I thought I could get it written by an expert in the business. Of course I mentioned no

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COLONEL JIM MOREHEAD

A prominent lawyer named Jim
Could have been Gov'ner as easy as swim,
But he never had tried,
For his eminent pride
Made the effort distasteful to him.

names or localities. He seemed very much struck with the idea, and has written twice asking about it. The only fear he had (he said) was that the expert would not put it in a shape suitable for publication in *Everybody's,* as John Wanamaker was very observant of the proprieties.

Now, if you would care to turn yourself loose on the subject, there may be something in it, and a start on future work besides. Of course, you needn't disclose your identity in the slightest degree. What he wants (as I thought he would) is a view of the subject from the operator's standpoint.

My idea would be a chatty sort of article —just about the way you usually talk— treating it descriptively and bringing out the little points and details just as a man would talk of his chicken farm or his hog ranch. If you want to tackle it, let me know, and I'll send you my idea of the article with all the points that should be touched upon. I will either go over it and arrange it according to my conception of the magazine's requirements, or will forward your original MSS., whichever you prefer. Let me know, as I want to answer his letter.

Give Billy R. my profoundest respects. Tell him he's more punkins than the whole population of Pennsylvania rolled into one man, not excluding John Wanamaker's Sunday-school class. May the smoke of his cigarettes ascend forever.

Write me as soon as you feel like it, and I assure you I will be glad to hear from you. I am surrounded by wolves and fried onions, and a word from one of the salt of the earth will come like a clap of manna from a clear roof garden.

Now, I will give you a sort of general synopsis of my idea—of course, everything is subject to your own revision and change. The article, we will say, is written by a typical train hoister—one without your education and powers of expression (bouquet), but intelligent enough to convey his ideas from his standpoint—not from John Wanamaker's. Yet, in order to please John, we will have to assume a virtue that we do not possess. Comment on the moral side of the proposition as little as possible. Do not claim that holding up trains is the only business a gentleman would engage in, and, on the contrary, do not depreciate a profession that is really only financiering with spurs on. Describe the facts and details— all that part of the proceedings that the

BILL STEINER

A jolly old Dutchman named Bill
Was determined his office to fill.
When the votes counted out
You would hear a big shout,
And could bet he was register still.

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PLAYING HIS HAND. O. HENRY, FROM A PORTRAIT BY W. H. WALLACE, NEW YORK

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passenger sitting with his hands up in a Pullman looking into the end of a tunnel in the hands of one of the performers does not see. Here is a rough draft of my idea: Begin abruptly, with any philosophising, with your idea of the best times, places and conditions for the hold-up—compare your opinions of this with those of others—mention some poorly conceived attempts and failures of others, giving your opinion why—as far as possible refer to actual occurrences and incidents—describe the manner of a hold-up, how many men is best, where they are stationed, how do they generally go into it, nervous? or joking? or solemnly. The details of stopping the train, the duties of each man of the gang—the behaviour of the train crew and passengers (here give as many brief, odd and humorous incidents as you can think of). Your opinions on going through the passengers, when is it done and when not done. How is the boodle gotten at? How does the express clerk generally take it? Anything done with the mail car? Under what circumstances will a train robber shoot a passenger or a train man—suppose a man refuses to throw up his hands? Queer articles found on passengers (a chance here for some imaginative work)—queer and laughable incidents of any kind. Refer whenever *apropos* to actual hold-ups and facts concerning them of intrest. What could two or three brave and determined passengers do if they were to try? Why don't they try? How long does it take to do the business? Does the train man ever stand in with the hold-up? Best means of getting away—how and when is the money divided? How is it mostly spent? Best way to manœuvre afterward. How to get caught and how not to. Comment on the methods of officials who try to capture. (Here's your chance to get even.)

These ideas are some that occur to me casually. You will, of course, have many far better. I suggest that you make the article anywhere from four thousand to six thousand words. Get as much meat in it as you can, and, by the way, stuff it full of Western genuine slang (not the Eastern story-paper kind). Get all the quaint cowboy expressions and terms of speech you can think of.

Information is what we want, clothed in the peculiar Western style of the character we want to present. The main idea is to be natural, direct and concise.

I hope you will understand what I say. I don't. But try her a whack and send it along as soon as you can, and let's see what we can do. By the way, Mr. "Everybody" pays good prices. I thought I would, when I get your story, put it into the shape my judgment decides upon, and then send both your MS. and mine to the magazine. If he uses mine, we'll whack up shares on the proceeds. If he uses yours, you get the cheque direct. If he uses neither, we are out only a few stamps.

Sincerely your friend,
W. S. P.

The next letter announced that the story had been accepted:

DEAR PARD: You're It. I always told you you were a genius. All you need is to succeed in order to make a success.

I enclose publisher's letter, which explains itself. When you see your baby in print, don't blame me if you find strange earmarks and brands on it. I slashed it and cut it and added lots of stuff that never happened, but I followed your facts and ideas, and that is what made it valuable. I'll think up some other idea for an article and we'll collaborate again some time—eh?

I have all the work I can do, and am selling it right along. Have averaged about $150 per month since August 1st. And yet I don't overwork—don't think I ever will. I commence about 9 A.M. and generally knock off about 4 or 5 P.M.

As soon as cheque mentioned in letter comes I'll send you your "sheer" of the boodle.

By the way, please keep my nom de plume strictly to yourself. I don't want any one to know just yet.

Give my big regards to Billy. Reason with him and try to convince him that we believe him to be pure merino and of more than average width. With the kindest remembrances to yourself I remain,

Your friend,
W. S. P.

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In the spirit of these later letters and in their style there is little to distinguish them from the epistles he sent back to North Carolina when he first went to Texas, except the difference in length. This letter to Mrs. Hall, the mother of the men on whose ranch Porter lived, is a fair sample of these early writings.

La Salle Co., Texas.

Dear Mrs. Hall: Your welcome letter, which I received a good while ago, was much appreciated, and I thought I would answer it in the hopes of getting another from you. I am very short of news, so if you find anything in this letter rather incredible, get Dr. Beall to discount it for you to the proper size. He always questions my veracity since I came out here. Why didn't he do it when I was at home? Dick has got his new house done, and it looks very comfortable and magnificent. It has a tobacco barn-like grandeur about it that always strikes a stranger with awe, and during a strong north wind the safest place about it is outside at the northern end.

A coloured lady is now slinging hash in the kitchen and has such an air of command and condescension about her that the pots and kettles all get out of her way with a rush. I think she is a countess or a dukess in disguise. Catulla has grown wonderfully since you left; thirty or forty new houses have gone up and thirty or forty barrels of whiskey gone down. The barkeeper is going to Europe on a tour next summer, and is thinking of buying Mexico for his little boy to play with. They are getting along finely with the pasture; there are sixty or seventy men at work on the fence and have been having good weather for working. Ed. Bruckman is there in charge of the commissary tent, and issues provisions to the contractors. I saw him last week, and he seemed very well.

Lee came up and asked me to go down to the camps and take Brockman's place for a week or so while he went to San Antonio. Well, I went down some six or seven miles from the ranch. On arriving I counted at the commissary tent nine niggers, sixteen Mexicans, seven hounds, twenty-one six-shooters, four desperadoes, three shotguns and a barrel of molasses. Inside there were a good many sacks of corn, flour, meal, sugar, beans, coffee and potatoes, a big box of bacon, some boots, shoes, clothes, saddles, rifles, tobacco and some more hounds. The work was to issue the stores to the contractors as they sent for them, and was light and easy to do. Out at the rear of the tent they had started a graveyard of men who had either kicked one of the hounds or prophesied a norther. When night came, the gentleman whose good fortune it was to be dispensing the stores gathered up his saddle-blankets, four old corn sacks, an oil coat and a sheep skin, made all the room he could in the tent by shifting and arranging the bacon, meal, etc., gave a sad look at the dogs that immediately filled the vacuum, and went and slept outdoors. The few days I was there I was treated more as a guest than one doomed to labour. Had an offer to gamble from the nigger cook, and was allowed as an especial favour to drive up the nice, pretty horses and give them some corn. And the kind of accommodating old tramps and cowboys that constitute the outfit would drop in and board, and sleep and smoke, and cuss and gamble, and lie and brag, and do everything in their power to make the time pass pleasantly and profitably—to themselves. I enjoyed the thing very much, and one evening when I saw Brockman roll up to the camp, I was very sorry, and went off very early next morning in order to escape the heartbreaking sorrow of parting and leave-taking with the layout.

Now, if you think this fine letter worth a reply, write me a long letter and tell me what I would like to know, and I will rise up and call you a friend in need, and send you a fine cameria obscuria view of this ranch and itemised account of its operations and manifold charms. Tell Dr. Beall not to send me any cake; it would make some postmaster on the road ill if he should eat too much, and I am a friend to all humanity. I am writing by a very poor light, which must excuse bad spelling and uninteresting remarks.

I remain, Very respectfully yours,

W. S. Porter.

Everybody well.

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More interesting, however, than these early Texas letters in showing the spirit of the man are the letters that he wrote from time to time to his daughter Margaret, especially those written when she was a little girl. In them he speaks quite often of Uncle Remus, which they evidently read together and they are all filled with the quaint conceits that enliven the two following:

MY DEAR MARGARET: I ought to have answered your last letter sooner, but I haven't had a chance. It's getting mighty cool now. It won't be long before persimmons are ripe in Tennessee. I don't think you ever ate any persimmons, did you? I think persimmon pudden (not pudding) is better than cantalope or watermelon either. If you stay until they get ripe you must get somebody to make you one.

If it snows while you are there, you must try some fried snowballs, too. They are *mighty good with Jack Frost gravy.*

You must see how big and fat you can get before you back to Austin.

When I come home I want to find you big and strong enough to pull me all about town on a sled when we have a snow storm. Won't that be nice? I just thought I'd write this little letter in a hurry so the postman would get it, and when I'm in a hurry I never can think of anything to write about. You and Mummy must have a good time, and keep a good lookout and don't let tramps or yellowjackets catch you. I'll try to write something better next time. Write *soon.*

Your loving
PAPA.

February 14, 1900.

DEAR MARGARET: It has been quite a long time since I heard from you. I got a letter from you in the last century, and a letter once every hundred years is not very often. I have been waiting from day to day, putting off writing to you, as I have been expecting to have something to send you, but it hasn't come yet, and I thought I would write anyhow.

I hope your watch runs all right. When you write again be sure and look at it and tell me what time it is, so I won't have to get up and look at the clock.

With much love,
PAPA.

As the last of these little sidelights on his character and humour which these letters convey it is fitting to give two showing a peculiarly strong trait—his modesty. He did not seek publicity for himself and he had a lower opinion of his work as work that would last than almost any one else. He wrote in all sincerity to his publishers after the Christmas of 1908:

January 1, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. LANIER: I want to say how *very much I admire and appreciate the* splendid edition of my poor stories that you all put in my stocking for Christmas. Unworthy, though, they were for such a dress, they take on from it such an added importance that I am sure they will stimulate me to do something worthy of such a binding.

I would say by all means don't let the Lipton Pub. Co. escape. Wine 'em or chase 'em in an auto and sell 'em all the "Pancakes" they can eat. Any little drippings of Maple Syrup will come in handy after the havoc of Christmas.

I'll leave things of this sort freely to your judgment.

A Happy New Year to yourself and the House.

Very truly yours,
SYDNEY PORTER.

To an admirer who asked for his picture for publication he jocularly refused a request which to most authors is merely a business opportunity. It is a characteristic letter. It was not until very shortly before his death that through much persuasion Sydney Porter finally allowed himself his picture and O. Henry to be identified together.

MY DEAR MR. HANNIGAN: Your letter through McClure's received. Your brief submitted (*in re* photo) is so flattering that I almost regret being a modest man. I have had none taken for several years except one, which was secured against my wishes

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and printed by a magazine. I haven't even one in my own possession. I don't believe in inflicting one's picture on the public unless one has done something to justify it—and I never take Peruna.

Sorry! you'd get one if I had it.

That lunch proposition sounds all right—may be in Boston some time and need it.

With regards, Yours truly,

O. HENRY.

THE RING IN RECENT FICTION

BY RUFUS WEST

THE past year has contributed at least two conspicuous additions to the ring battles of fiction. First, in Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior,* the memorable midnight conflict between the hero and Foxy Pynsent, told in the strange jargon of an old time follower of the ring. Second, the battle between Danny Ward and Felipe Rivera as narrated in "The Mexican," the last story in Mr. Jack London's *The Night Born,* which impresses us as being as graphic a picture of the modern ring as is to be found in fiction. "All fights are good reading," said George Borrow, so let us jot down those battles in fiction which come the most readily to mind.

Scotland versus Ireland. Victor Hugo's *The Man Who Laughs.*

Tom Brown versus Slogger Williams. Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown at Rugby.*

Jack Harrison versus Crab Wilson. Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone.*

Jim Harrison versus Joe Berks. Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone.*

Robert Montgomery versus Silas Craggs. Conan Doyle's *The Master of Croxley.*

Tom Spring versus Falconbridge. Conan Doyle's *The Lord of Fulconbridge.*

Cashel Byron versus Billy Paradise. Cashel Byron's *Professor.*

Ben Hur versus An Unknown. Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur.*

Joe versus Ponta. Jack London's *The Game.*

Rivera versus Ward. Jack London's *The Mexican.*

The Happy Warrior versus Pynsent. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior.*

Probably it would be an easy matter to make the list twice as long, but here are ten ring battles varied enough to illustrate what we have to say on the subject of the ring in fiction.

It is one matter for the writer of fiction to put two bruisers into a roped square and have them battle till one of them can battle no more, but it is another matter to find a motive that will raise the struggle to heroic proportions. One of the cleverest short stories of recent years, and probably the best of all stories of the newspaper office was Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story." But there was one flaw which barred it from the list of great short stories. The motive was inadequate—nothing came of it except that a drunken reporter recovered his position on the staff. And a ring battle in fiction must have some greater object than the mere winning of a money prize. Of the men writing to-day, Conan Doyle and Jack London have made most of the romance of the ring, and both realise thoroughly the necessity of introducing interests of wider scope. Robert Montgomery, the doctor's assistant in *The Croxley Master,* is not fighting Silas Craggs for a hundred pounds and the championship of the West Riding Coal Pits, but for the chance of finishing his career at the University. When, in *Rodney Stone,* the old smith shies his black hat into the right for the battle with Crab Wilson, the fortunes of Sir Charles Tregel-

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lis and Sir Lothian Hume, and the fate of Lord Avon and "Boy Jim" are in the issue.

Particularly vital are the issues hanging on the battle between Felipe Rivera and Danny Ward in Jack London's *The Mexican*. Felipe, a silent, morose boy of eighteen, appears at the headquarters of the Mexican Junta, and pledges himself to the cause of the Revolution. The leaders dislike and distrust him, and think to be rid of his presence by setting him to scrubbing the floors. "Is it for the revolution?" asks Felipe, and being told that it is, goes doggedly to work. There comes a day when the beginning of the revolution hangs on the question of money; five thousand dollars are needed to release the guns, and the hot-eyed boy volunteers to find it. Without the knowledge of his compatriots he has been fighting his way up in the prize ring, his apparently weak frame is of whalebone, his capacity for taking punishment is enormous, he is absolutely impervious to insult, and intimidation, in the words of an old time ring follower he "has no goat." With these qualities, and the fever of a mad patriotism which tells him he must win, he steps out from his corner to meet the great Danny Ward. There is no joy in the fighting, the game is repugnant to him, it is the hated game of the hated Gringo. Every voice in the great arena is against him, his own seconds are scheming for his downfall, not a trick known to the crooked followers of the ring, but what is brought into play to bring about his downfall. But in the thousands of hostile faces he sees only the guns, the guns that are to achieve the freedom of Mexico from its despots, and he fights on.

MRS. BARR AND HER STORY

BY HORACE EVERETT BLAKE

THIS is the record of a singularly varied and eventful life; a life which has already covered more than eighty-two years, rich in incident both in the land of the narrator's birth and in the land of her adoption; the candid presentation of aspirations, *ennuis*, complications, and achievements. More than four score years! Those four score years carry us back to another world, and almost to another civilisation. Picture it. When Amelia Huddleston "entered this incarnation on March 29, 1831, in the ancient town Ulverston, Lancashire, England," Waterloo was as recent a memory as Dewey's victory in Manila Bay is to-day. Catholic Emancipation had just been granted. Lord John Russell was introducing the first Reform Bill in the House of Commons. William IV. was on the throne, and the girl Victoria had as yet no suspicion of her destiny. Dickens was a boy of nineteen, and Thackeray, who had not yet concluded his twentieth year, was spending pleasant days at Weymar. Mrs. Barr remembers the June day in 1838 when Queen Victoria was crowned. She recalls the royal and loyal town of Penrith garlanded with roses, the flags waving from every vantage point, the bells ringing out from the ancient church from dawn until the long summer gloaming was lost in midsummer night. Yet child as she was, she noticed and partly understood, the gloom and care on the faces of so many who had no heart to rejoice, and no reason to do so. For the conditions of English life at that period seem almost incredible. Everywhere despair, poverty, ignorance, with the working classes struggling for their morsel of bread. The wealthy town of Penrith had not one free school of any sort with the exception of the little Sunday-school held in the Metho-

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dist chapel two hours on Sunday afternoon. There the pupils were semi-starved, semi-clothed, hopeless, joyless little creatures. In 1838 there were villages in England without either church or school. In 1840 a Parliamentary investigation found plenty of villages, such as Dunkirk, with one hundred and thirteen children, of whom only ten could read and write; and Boughton, with one hundred and nineteen children, where only seven went to a school that taught writing. Learning and literature were not in fashion then, especially for women. Little Amelia was often reproved for "wasting her time over a book," with the result that reading took on the added charm of being forbidden fruit. The forbidden fruit played a conspicuous part in those early, impressionable years. First came *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Arabian Nights*. Then, on her seventh birthday, her father gave her Cook's *Voyages Around the World*. This was followed by Anson's *Voyage*, by Mungo Park's *Travels in Africa* and Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia*. But there was one book which had a particular charm and influence. It was *News from the Invisible World*, by John Wesley. Half a century later Mrs. Barr vainly sought for a copy of that book, and records her opinion that there is not one such copy in America and very few in England.

Also never to be forgotten was Amelia's first copybook. On the cover was a picture of a negro, loaded with chains and hoeing cotton, while a white man stood over him with a whip. The girl had never seen a negro, nor the picture of one, and her repugnance and fright was so great that she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Meanwhile the years had taken the Huddlestons from Ulverston to Shipley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, thence to Penrith, and later to Ripon, one of three great religious centres of the county. For Ripon itself Amelia had little liking, but it was there that she first met Ivanhoe, and Little Nell, and Pamela, and the Scottish Chiefs, and the Children of the Abbey, and in a pile of unbound *Family Heralds* she made acquaintance with the short love story. Then came another change which gave the girl her first sight of the sea, when the family moved to the Isle of Man, which, seventy years ago, was little more than a name to the average Briton. It had its own government, its own laws, its own House of Parliament, which was called "The House of Keys." There were no Custom Houses, no duties, no Poor Laws and the cost of living was astonishingly low. With a sense of impending disaster the family removed from the island to Whitehaven, and the premonition was realised when a false friend, unwisely trusted, went to Australia taking with him the greater part of William Huddleston's savings. Changes in the family manner of life were necessary, and Amelia, then in her seventeenth year, was sent to Norfolk to take the position as second teacher in a girls' school. On her return home after a year's absence she learned of another event which at once pleased her, and roused her sense of injustice. An uncle had given her mother a row of cottages, a gift which about balanced the loss of the previous year. But such was the condition of the married woman in England at that time, that Mrs. Huddleston not only did not touch a penny of her income, but was actually kept in ignorance of the amount of it, her husband drawing it and using it to his own ends as a matter of course. The mother could not share the daughter's indignation, nor could she understand it. "It means that I am a wife," she said simply; "all I had, or might have, became your father's as soon as I was his wife. You are yet a spinster, and have some rights in your own earnings." But Amelia was not to enjoy the privileges of spinsterhood long. Another year took her to Scotland, where she made the voyage to the Orkneys and Shetland Islands, which gave her the material and impressions which she was to use in later life in *Jan Vedder's Wife, A Daughter of Fife, Prisoners of Conscience, Paul and*

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Christina, Thyra Varrick, Sheiler Vedder and *The Heart of Jessie Laurie.* Then came Glasgow, a strange dream of a young man, the appearance of the young man in the life, and Amelia Huddleston and Robert Barr were married, and there ended what the author regards as the first chapter.

To a certain degree the reviewer finds that first chapter the prettiest and pleasantest of them all. It contains pangs of pain as well as pangs of pleasure, but life was young, and dreams were bright in the building. Added to the poignancy of the following years was the sense of disillusionment. In the case of Amelia Huddleston marriage meant renunciation, and, as she expresses it, she was to drink the cup of pain, and to go through the valley of humiliation. The night that her husband told her that he was ruined she had been reading *The Newcomes.* She laid it down and has never touched a book of Thackeray's since. It was decided to go forth into a new land in the hope of repairing shattered fortunes. India was first discussed, but America was finally chosen, and on the 5th of September, 1853, Robert Barr, his wife, and their children landed in New York. In the years from 1853 to 1860 the adventurers saw much of the New World. The most cursory of glances at these eventful, tragic years. From New York the Barrs went to Buffalo, to Canada, to Chicago, to Memphis, to Cairo (the original of Eden in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* and in Mrs. Barr's opinion not much exaggerated in Charles Dickens's description), to New Orleans, and thence by the boat the *Lone Star* to Galveston, Texas. But there was yellow fever at Galveston, and the passengers were not allowed to land there, but were taken on to Harrisburg and thence to Austin. The Barrs remained in Austin throughout the War of Secession, and soon after the breaking up of the Confederacy removed to Galveston. There came the crowning blow. The pestilence quickly carried away Mrs. Barr's husband and her two sons. Three months later another son, Andrew, was born, but he, too, soon showed signs of yellow fever, contracted before his birth, and died when he was five days old. After a bitter struggle to support herself and her daughters in Austin, Mrs. Barr heard a "voice clear and imperative," and obeying it, turned her face back to New York.

Mrs. Barr's first literary work was the story of the break up in Texas, for which, to her surprise and delight, she received thirty dollars. At once visions of a new career inspired her, and she began a story called "Margaret Sinclair's Silent Money." She was living in Ridgewood, New Jersey, but the writing of the tale took her back among the simple Norse fishers of the Shetlands. After the story was finished Mrs. Barr and her daughters moved to New York, taking rooms in Amity Street, which Poe had once occupied. Years before, in the first months of her married life, she had met Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe in Glasgow. Then Mr. Beecher had urged her to look him up if she ever came to New York, and remembering this, she now wrote him to ask if he could help her to find literary work. Almost by return mail he told her that he had just become largely interested in the *Christian Union* and was sure that she could write something for that paper. Her first article, dealing with the "Epiphany in the West Riding," established her as a regular contributor. Then came her first novel, *Jan Vedder's Wife,* which ran serially in *The Working Church.* Better than any comment, quotations from Mrs. Barr's Diary indicate the industry of the years of achievement. Here, for example, are the entries for five weeks in the spring of 1883.

Mar. 24th. Finished my long paper on famous Irish women and began my novel, *Cluny MacPherson.*

Mar. 26th. At home all day writing on *Cluny MacPherson.*

Mar. 27th. Ditto.

Mar. 28th. Writing on *Cluny* all morn-

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ing. Went down to several offices in afternoon. Did nothing in the evening. Had a bad headache.

Mar. 29th. Very sick headache, but wrote "Cato's Song."

Mar. 30th. At the last hour wrote "Two Workers" for Bonner, and he praised it very much, a great thing for him to do.

Mar. 31st. Very sick. Went to the dentist's, but could not have anything done.

April 1st. Wrote an "April Wedding" and worked on *Cluny.*

April 2nd. Still sick but on *Cluny,* and wrote "The Reconciliation."

April 3rd. All day on *Cluny;* in the evening wrote "Lending a Hand."

April 4th. All day on *Cluny.*

April 5th. All day on *Cluny.*

April 6th. All day on *Cluny,* but am feeling tired.

April 7th. On *Cluny,* very tired. A wet day and Peter Cooper's funeral.

April 8th. On *Cluny,* and wrote a poem called "O Mollie, How I Love You!"

April 9th. On my novel nine hours.

April 10th. On my novel eight hours.

April 11th. On my novel eight hours.

April 12th. On my novel eight hours, and wrote "Two Ships."

April 13th. On my novel nine hours.

April 14th. On my novel eight hours.

April 15th, 16th, 17th. Nine hours each.

April 18th. Very sick.

April 19th. Wrote "My Pretty Canary" and "The Little Evangel."

April 20th. Wrote nine hours on *Cluny.*

April 21st to 28th. I wrote all day long on *Cluny,* but managed to write for *Harper's* a poem called "A Tap at the Door."

April 29th. On *Cluny,* and wrote for Bonner a poem called "Take Care."

April 30th. Wrote "A Birthday," finished *Cluny* and took it to Mr. Rand, of the Tract House.

In the first part of 1886 she was busy on her best known story, *The Bow of Orange Ribbon.* On February 25th she had written two hundred pages. On March first she had two hundred and thirty pages composed, and had been copying all day. On March 13th 293 pages of *The Bow* were finished.

March 14th. I was writing all day; had a sore throat.

15th. Writing all day. Throat very bad.

16th. Ditto. Mrs. Orr to tea.

17th. Writing all day on *The Bow.*

18th. " " " " " " Finished 325 pages.

19th. Very sick, but wrote seventeen pages.

20th. Finished 343 pages. Still sick.

21st. Wrote all day.

22nd. Finished 373 pages.

23rd. Working on *The Bow* all day.

24th. Finished *The Bow of Orange Ribbon,* 404 pages.

It has been said that it is the earlier days of *All the Days of My Life* that seem the happiest. But there is much brightness, too, in the account of the evening years. There are the records of recognition of hard won triumphs, of tributes from the author's fellow-men and women, jotted down with the utmost frankness and sincerity. These tributes have been generous and they have been generously received. The picture is a pretty one when she describes the "Bow of Orange Ribbon dinner" given her, with all the decorations of the table in the dominant colour; when she tells of the Press Club reception held at the Waldorf Astoria, where she was the guest of honour, and where the young women crowded round her and kissed her hands, and her cheek, and she wished that they were all her daughters; of her meeting with this celebrity or that and their words of admiring appreciation. Here is a letter from Mrs. Grover Cleveland telling how much pleasure the former President had from *The Lion's Whelp* in hours of illness; there one from Dr. Van Dyke extolling *Prisoners of Conscience,* and saying how much the tale brought back to him the memory of the Shetlands and the Orkneys, the Pentland Firth, the bleakness of the islands, and the wildness of the seas that moan around them. It is all narrated simply, naïvely, ingenuously, in the spirit of the gathering twilight.

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MRS. BARR

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PERSONAL PORTRAITS

I

DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN

DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN, author of *Hagar Revelly* and of *Unclothed,* was born thirty-one years ago in Chicago. As a youth he was much interested in musical composition, and at the age of sixteen had published his first composition. Later he took up the study of medicine, and after graduating, spent a year as a hospital house-surgeon. He then went abroad and entered the University of Vienna, where for four years he studied special medical work, and applied himself steadily to writing.

Concerning this period, he said recently, in a letter: "This Vienna time was for me a happy time indeed. My ambition was astounding. Aside from my hospital and University studies, I wrote steadily short stories and sketches, took a daily lesson in French and German, went to the opera continuously, at one period one hundred and ten times without a miss, and through the inspiration given me by being in a musical centre, again devoted a good deal of time to musical composition. On Wednesday evenings I would go to the Leschetizky home, where this famous teacher would hold a weekly musical soiree, and I believe it was there I first felt the desire to write a story around a musician such as Eman Revelly, the father of Hagar—an old, wistful, philosophical Viennese musician, who comes to America, marries, and then, in the New World environment, so utterly strange to him, dies—like a guttered fish.

"I saw many over there, great in their work, but like children in their contact with the world, whose fate could easily have been the same.

"After I came back here I turned to my writing more seriously than ever. In fact, during this period, the need of writing was continuously upon me, made more emphatic, perhaps, because I felt compelled to smother the idealisation I had built up around the profession of medicine. I had weird ideas, too, from the standpoint of my fellow-practitioners. I could not believe that medicine should be practised in a small office, but that it should be institutionalised. It seemed to me proper that the life of a citizen who regularly paid his taxes was worth quite as much in the country as in the city, and that the only way around the whole question, since proper equipment was necessary, was to put the profession of medicine upon an organised governmental footing, with its long arm reaching into every community. The practice of medicine did not seem rightly dependent on the personal fortune of the doctor.

"I started immediately upon a novel, and finished it in a year. The writing saved me,—that, and Walter Pater's Conclusion to his *Renaissance.* When I faltered this passage drove me, and since, from want of suitable time, I was now compelled to write entirely at night, I surely needed a prop. The first draft of the next novel, *Hagar Revelly,* was over two hundred thousand words in length, and I wrote it at night in its entirety. I became so accustomed to working in the silence, that when, on one week-end trip into the country soon after completing this draft, I tried writing by day for the first time, I was so disturbed by the gentlest sounds of nature, so unused to the chirping of birds and even the faint whishing of the wind through the trees, that I, in midsummer, was compelled to go into the house and shut the windows."

II

EMERSON HOUGH

EARLY one morning about six months ago, Emerson Hough, the novelist, sauntered into the office of Mr. Hewitt Han-

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son Howland, in Indianapolis. He came unannounced and unexpected and Mr. Howland was quick in showing his surprise, for the last he had heard of Mr. Hough, the latter was in the Far West on his annual hunting trip. But his astonishment at seeing the novelist suddenly bob up in his office was nothing as compared with the shock he was soon to receive. Seating himself, Mr. Hough permitted his gaze to wander about the room for an instant, and then, calmly turning toward Mr. Howland, announced:

"Hewitt, I have come to tell you that I have quit trying to save the country.

DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN

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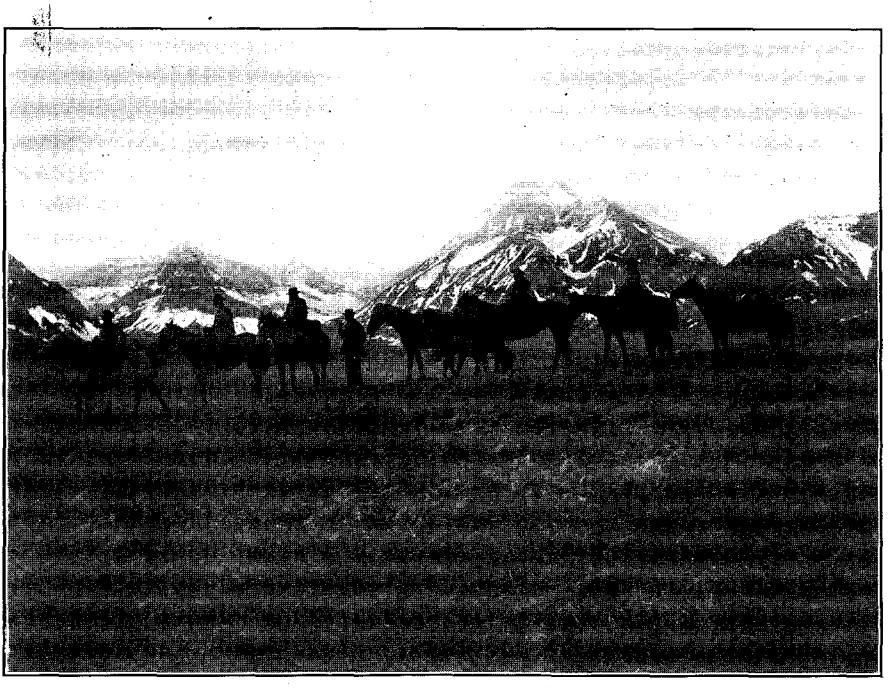
There's nothing in it. Henceforth I shall write nothing serious. The novel with a purpose can go hang. It's comedy from now on. We are living in a frivolous age. The people don't want to be burdened with accounts of what ails them. More and more they are shifting the burden of their troubles on the shoulders of the metropolitan police."

So saying, the novelist drew from beneath his heavy fur coat a bundle, and proceeded to unwrap it, presently revealing what the editor could not mistake—a manuscript. "Here's the first one," Hough continued with a matter-of-fact air. "Look it over and if it doesn't make you laugh, I don't want a cent. I think it's the most amusing thing I ever read. I like it immensely. It just tickles me to death every time I read it."

Imagine an editor confronted with a manuscript of a serio-comic variety from the pen of a man who had previously essayed only such books as *54-40 or Fight; John Rawn: Prominent Citizen,* and *The Purchase Price.*

Mr. Howland searched his visitor's countenance for a smile. He thought he was jesting. But smile, the novelist did not! He was in earnest and very much in earnest at that, from all appearances. "Well," Mr. Howland began, "well, that's fine. I should say it was fine! A comedy. Who will ever believe it. I mean, how can I help believing it. Of course, how can I help believing it. You just told me about it, didn't you? Of course you did." Mr. Hough saw the joke of it all. He laughed, much to the relief of the editor. Then he continued: "Hewitt, I'm going to let this manuscript rest on its own merits. I leave for Chicago this afternoon. Just look it over and write me what you think of it. Needn't rush about it. Only, I expect to start on a trip into the Mackenzie River country in about a week, and I would like to know the fate of the manuscript before I go. For I may never return, and I am sure that I could freeze to death with a smile on my lips if I



EMERSON HOUGH'S BEAR PARTY, BLACKFOOT RESERVATION, MONTANA

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knew that you had put your stamp of approval on my first comedy."

The manuscript was read and accepted. Hough was notified and immediately set out on his hunting trip, and even now is shooting wild beasts up in the frozen North to the accompaniment of a moving-picture machine, which he took along. The story in question is *The Lady and the Pirate,* which has just been published. It is a story of a modern, twentieth century buccaneer—Black Bart, the Avenger, who, in this year of grace, 1913, sails down the Mississippi from the headwaters to the Gulf, in a high-powered motor boat. He is a millionaire bachelor in ordinary, pirate by choice. His crew consists of two small, runaway boys. There is a Fair Captive, and a Desperate Rival. From the drainage canal at Chicago to St. Louis they go; thence to Natchez and finally to New Orleans. The Pirate maroons his Rival, succeeds in taking the Fair Captive, and thanks to the Piratical Crew, learns how to make love and the secret of the boyhood he had never had.

THE WITCHING HOUR OF NIGHT

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THE snail puts forth two starting horns
And down the toadstools slides;
The wind stands whispering to the thorns
Of one, it seems, who hides:
Of him, the Sprite,
With glowworm light,
Who shepherds insect-things of night.

The bee sleeps in the berry bloom;
The bird dreams on its nest;
The night-moth swoons through dim perfume
Upon a ghostly quest:
It seeks for him,
The Pixy slim,
Who tags with wet each blossom's rim.

The milkwort leans an ear of pink
And listens for the dew;
The Fireflies in the wildrose wink
That seems to listen too:
For her, the Fay,
With rapier ray,
Who opes the buds by every way.

The moon, that dares not come too near,
Keeps to the highest hill;
The little brook it seems, for fear
Of something strange, is still:
The deity,
Whom none may see,
Who takes the night with mystery.

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ABOUT THE CONTINENT IN ONE HUNDRED NOVELS

THE aim of the writer in making up this list is to select those novels with which the American traveller is most likely to be acquainted. Consequently books by American and English authors will be found to predominate. The fact that a book is found in the list does not, in the least, imply that the compiler considers it literature. For example, among the books dealing with Russian scenes is R. H. Savage's *My Official Wife,* while there is no mention of any work by Pushkin, Chekhov, or Korolenka. The point is that while comparatively few Americans are acquainted with these last-named writers, very many Americans have, at some time in their lives, dipped into the pages of Colonel Savage's perfectly trivial story. In other words, the hundred is not the hundred that the traveller should have read, but the hundred that he is most likely to have read.

ITALY (Including Corsica and Sicily):

1 BULWER-LYTTON, *The Last Days of Pompeii* — Pompeii
2 SIENKIEWICZ, *Quo Vadis* — Rome
3 WALLACE, *Ben Hur* — Rome
4 DUMAS, *Monte Cristo* — Rome
5 RADCLIFFE, *Mysteries of Udolpho* — Apennines
6 HEWLETT, *Little Novels of Italy*
7 WHARTON, *The Valley of Decision*
8 CRAWFORD, *Saracinesca* — Rome
9 CRAWFORD, *Pietro Ghisleri* — Rome
10 CRAWFORD, *A Roman Singer* — Rome
11 WARD, *Eleanor*
12 TARKINGTON, *His Own People* — Rome
13 HARLAND, *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*
14 WILLIAMSON, *The Lightning Conductor*
15 STENDHAL, *Chartreuse de Parme* — Parma
16 CAINE, *The Eternal City* — Rome
17 BOURGET, *Cosmopolis* — Rome
18 CRAWFORD, *Corleone* — Sicily
19 HICHENS, *The Call of the Blood* — Sicily
20 DUMAS, *The Corsican Brothers* — Corsica
21 MAUPASSANT, *Une Vie* — Corsica
22 MERIMÉE, *Colomba* — Corsica
23 GUNTER, *Mr. Barnes of New York* — Corsica

SWITZERLAND:

24 JAMES, *Daisy Miller* — Vevay
25 SCOTT, *Anne of Geierstein*
26 DAUDET, *Tartarin on the Alps*
27 MALET, *The Carissima*
28 WEYMAN, *The Long Night*

THE NETHERLANDS:

29 READE, *The Cloister and the Hearth*
30 THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair* — Brussels
31 THACKERAY, *Esmond*
32 DU MAURIER, *The Martian*
33 DU MAURIER, *Peter Ibbetson*
34 BRONTÉ, *Villette* — Brussels
35 DUMAS, *The Black Tulip*
36 SCOTT, *Quentin Durward* — Flanders
37 OUIDA, *Two Little Wooden Shoes*
38 DODGE, *Hans Brinker*

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA:

39 THACKERAY, *The Newcomes* — Baden
40 JAMES, *The Castle of Ehrenstein*
41 SAND, *Countess of Rudolstadt*
42 ATHERTON, *Rulers of Kings* — Munich
43 CRAWFORD, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance* — Munich
44 CRAWFORD, *The Witch of Prague* — Prague
45 AUERBACH, *On the Heights*
46 HOWELLS, *Their Silver Wedding Journey*
47 MEREDITH, *Harry Richmond*
48 FOTHERINGILL, *The First Violin* — Düsseldorf
49 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, *The Polish Jew* (Dramatised as "The Bells")
50 ROLLAND, *Jean Christophe*
51 OUIDA, *Wanda* — Tyrol
52 CASTLE, *Pride of Jennico* — Tyrol

RUSSIA:

53 TOLSTOY, *Anna Karénina*
54 TOLSTOY, *War and Peace*
55 TOLSTOY, *Resurrection*
56 GORKY, *Twenty-Six and One*
57 VERNE, *Michael Strogoff*
58 TURGENEV, *Fathers and Children*
59 OHNET, *The Iron Master*
60 DOSTOEVSKI, *Crime and Punishment*
61 SAVAGE, *My Official Wife*

SCANDINAVIA (Including Arctic Regions)

62 ANDERSEN, *Fairy Tales*
63 HUGO, *Hans of Iceland*
64 LOTI, *The Iceland Fisherman*
65 CAINE, *The Bondman*

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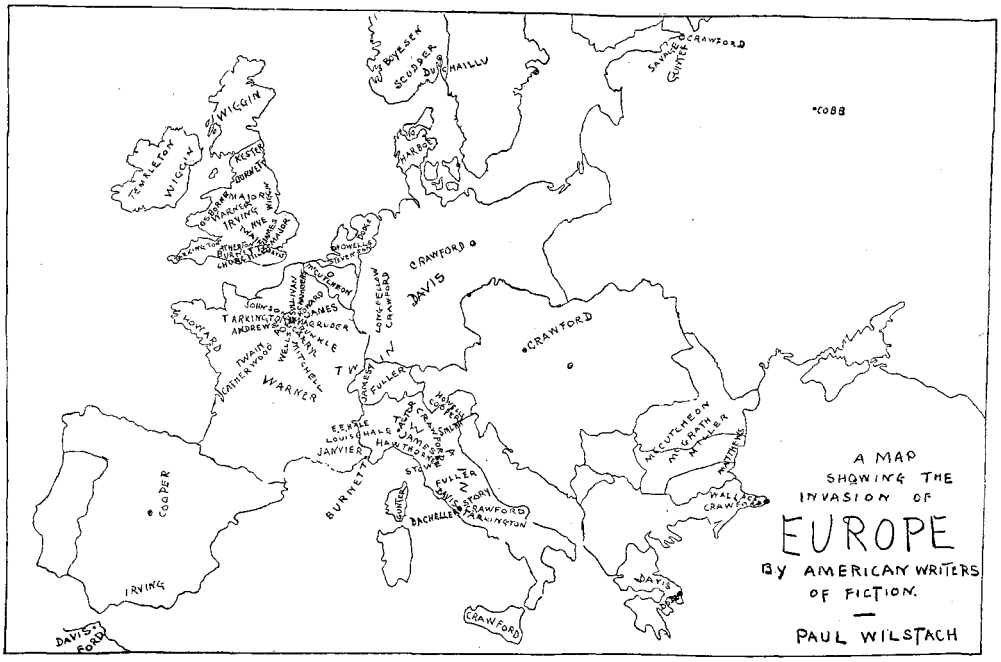

66 DOYLE, *The Captain of the Pole Star*
67 LAGERLÖF, *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*
68 EWALD, *The Old Room*
69 VERNE, *A Journey into the Earth*
70 HAGGARD, *Eric Bright Eyes*
71 CORELLI, *Thelma*

POLAND, TURKEY AND THE BALKANS:

72 SIENKIEWICZ, *Fire and Sword*
73 SIENKIEWICZ, *The Deluge*
74 SIENKIEWICZ, *Pan Michael*
75 WALLACE, *The Prince of India*
76 CRAWFORD, *Paul Patoff*
77 CRAWFORD, *Arethusa*
78 SCOTT, *Count Robert of Paris*
79 LOTI, *Disenchanted*
80 ADE, *The Slim Princess*

FICTITIOUS LANDS:

81 STEVENSON, *Prince Otto*
82 SUE, *The Mysteries of Paris*
83 HOPE, *The Prisoner of Zenda*
84 HOPE, *Rupert of Hentzau*
85 MCCUTCHEON, *Graustark*
86 CHAMBERS, *The Conspirators*
87 MACGRATH, *The Puppet Crown*

SPAIN (including Portugal, Azores and Morocco):

88 BULWER-LYTTON, *Leila* Granada
89 CERVANTES, *Don Quixote*
90 IRVING, *Tales of the Alhambra* Granada
91 DOYLE, *The Adventures of Gerard* Portugal
92 TWAIN, *The Innocents Abroad* Azores
93 MASON, *Miranda of the Balcony* Ronda
94 LE SAGE, *Gil Blas*
95 FORD, *The Story of an Untold Love* Morocco
96 DAVIS, *The Exiles* Morocco
97 DAVIS, *The King's Jackal* Morocco
98 DAWSON, *African Nights Entertainment* Morocco
99 CRAWFORD, *In the Palace of the King* Madrid
100 MERIMÉE, *Carmen*

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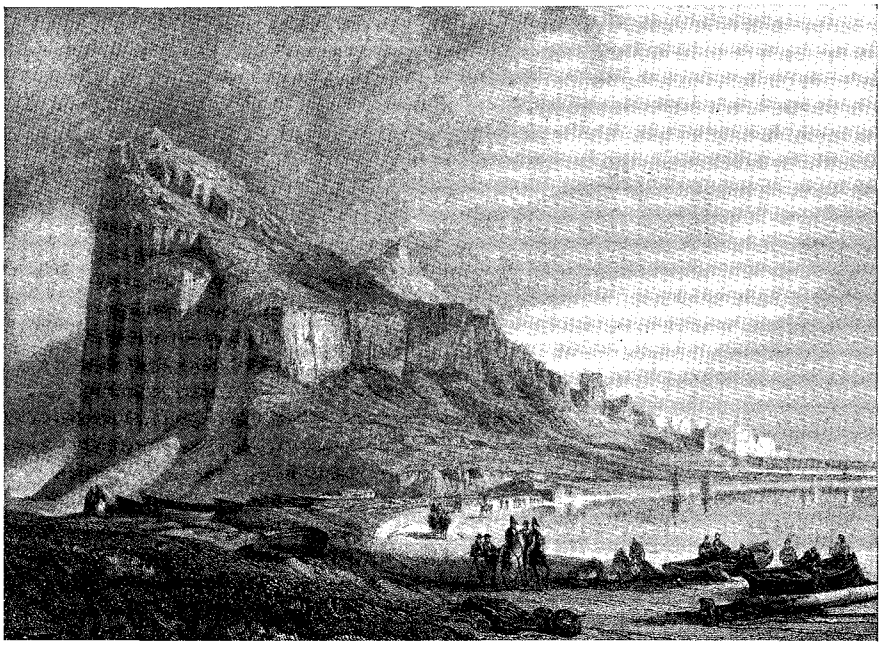

GIBRALTAR, GUARDIAN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE LITERARY BAEDEKER

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART III—ABOUT THE CONTINENT

THE paper in this series in the July issue began with a note of candid egotism. This paper shall be introduced with an equally ingenuous confession of limitations. A Literary Baedeker dealing with "About the Continent" should, as a matter of course, be an exceedingly pretentious affair. It should exhaust intimately every remote corner. It should take the reader to the Land of the Midnight Sun, as far north as the most adventurous hero of Scandinavian fiction ever travelled. It should go over to Iceland in company with M. Pierre Loti's Iceland Fishermen, and with Victor Hugo's *Hans of Iceland,* cruise about Arctic waters with the Vikings of the Norse Eddas; in fact, lead up almost to the Pole itself. To the borders of Siberia it should go with the men and women of Tolstoy, Turgenev, and the other great Russians, and follow the European wanderings of Mr. Kipling's Limmason, "The Man Who Was." It should cover every corner of the Balkan States, the entire Grecian Archipelago, and Turkey from Macedonia to the Dardanelles. The writer of such a paper should have had the experience of the combined force of the illustrious House of Karl Baedeker, of Leipzig, together with an extraordinary range of Continental literature.

Now all this the present writer has not, and it is best to be quite honest in the matter. In the first place he has never been farther east than Vienna. His personal acquaintance with the Scandinavian countries is limited to the memory

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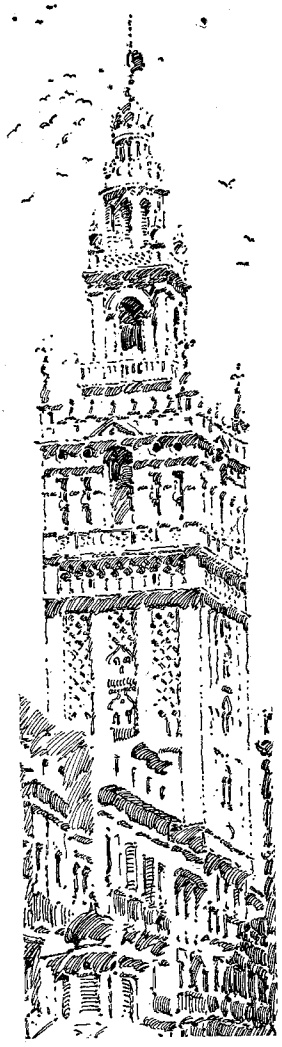
of a glimpse of indistinct shoreline seen from miles away across the German Ocean. Of Germany he has seen Hamburg, Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Nuremberg, Frankfort, Homburg, Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne, but only superficially. Of Austria, Prague, Vienna, and Linz, also superficially. Considerably more intimate is his personal knowledge of Switzerland, but of his two visits to Italy the first was many years ago, and the second, though recent, was exceedingly brief. Of the Netherlands, he has seen only Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels; of Spain, only the extreme southern part; of Sicily only the city of Palermo and its environs. That, in brief, is the first confession. There is a second to the effect that his knowledge of the literature of these lands is about as limited as his personal knowledge of their topography. *Anna Karénina, Resurrection, Kreutzer Sonata,* of Tolstoy, Turgenev's *Smoke,* and a few of the tales of Maxim Gorky constitute his reading of the Russian; of the present-day Italians, D'Annunzio is the only one with whom he can claim the slightest acquaintance; while his range of Scandinavian literature is confined to the plays of Ibsen and Company, and possibly a dozen novels. Many readings of the splendid martial romances of Henryk Sienkiewicz, *Fire and Sword, The Deluge,* and *Pan Michael* (through the translations of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, be it understood), make him somewhat more at home in conducting the imaginary tour through that part of southeastern Europe that lies vaguely somewhere between Warsaw and the ancient domain of the Turk, but even there there is nothing that seems to him quite so tangible as Anthony Hope's Strelsau, and the dungeon and moat of the Castle of Zenda.



But, provided he be perfectly ingenuous, provided his confession of limitations be frank and full, there is one sound excuse for the guide who undertakes to conduct you, through the medium of text and picture, into lands which he himself has never seen. How much of all fiction has had its background on soil which never existed at all, or at best was utterly remote from the personal knowledge of its creators! It has been told that in the writing of *The Pilgrim's Progress,* John Bunyan had in mind certain scenes of his own native county of Bedfordshire. But for posterity the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation, Doubting Castle, the Interpreter's House, the Palace Beautiful, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Delectable Mountain, all belong to the wonderful land of illusion, where landscape borders on mirage, and where one had only to walk up to stone wall and country hedge to have them vanish in a mist. Is the island where Robinson Crusoe found the footprint in the sand any less real because Daniel DeFoe conceived it in his sordid lodgings in London's Grub Street? The Abbé Prevost had not journeyed to the new world to study the topography before he wrote the chapters con-

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signing Manon Lescaut and her Chevalier to their exile. Or to come to later days? Where was the Gerolstein of Eugene Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris?* Where the Treasure Island of Stevenson's story? Where the Kingdom of Prince Otto? Where the Ruritania of Anthony Hope, the Graustark of Mr. McCutcheon, the Illyria of Alphonse Daudet's *Les Rois en Exile?* Are these Principalities, Grand Duchies, or Kingdoms any less real because they lack definite geographical boundaries, and because no mention of the beautiful Serene Highnesses who dwell in them, apparently for the express purpose of bestowing hearts and smiles (and thrones, too, on occasion), upon audacious American and British adventurers, is to be found between the covers of the *Almanach de Gotha?*

II

Rome in fiction! Probably two pages might be filled with the titles alone of the novels which have dealt with the Eternal City. Let us take a dozen or so that come most readily to mind. Of ancient Rome, say Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis,* and General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur,* and of lesser mention Irving Bachelor's *Vergilius* and William Stearns Davis's *A Friend of Cæsar.* As three of these four are of American authorship, let us continue with a brief list of other books by Americans that have dealt with the city. First of all comes Marion Crawford with *Saracinesca, St. Ilario, Don Orsino, A Roman Singer,* and *Pietro Ghisleri.* Henry James is represented by *Daisy Miller* and *Roderick Hudson;* Nathaniel Hawthorne by *The Marble Faun;* W. W. Story by *Fianetta;* Joaquin Miller by *The One Fair Woman;* Margaret Sherwood by *Daphne;* Booth Tarkington by *His Own People.* This is the most casual of lists and probably might be carried to four times the length. Rome about 1830 is the scene of many spirited chapters of *The Count of Monte Cristo.* It was there that Albert de Morcerf and Franz d'Epinay made the acquaintance of the singular Sindbad the Sailor, that they witnessed the execution, that Albert, seeking adventures during the carnival, fell into the hands of Luigi Vampa and his brigands, by whom he was released at a word of command from the Count, and finally, in the same cave in which the son of Fernand the Catalan was held prisoner, the infamous Danglars was forced to unwilling restitution of the stolen millions.

Probably no novels offer the American visitor in Rome more literary instruction and entertainment than those of Marion Crawford. All about the rugged hills described in *Saracinesca* Crawford had tramped as a boy. *Saracinesca* dealt with the Rome of the later sixties, when the city was gay with French officers and Papal Zouaves, and the fashionable promenaders of the Pincio dropped on their knees to receive the benediction of Pius IX, who often descended from his carriage to walk among the people. In a side street, not far from the Corso, the literary pilgrim may find, without a great deal of trouble, the ancient Palazzo Gabrielli, which Mr. Crawford chose as the Saracinesca home, "the vast old palace which had sheltered so many hundreds of Saracinescas." Of later years the palace has been divided into smaller apartments, and the neighbourhood has become rather dingy. At the far end of the Corso, is the Pincio, where Don Giovanni watched for a glimpse of Corona, and sat his horse one afternoon a target for the bullets of the Monarchists. It was also at this entrance that Lord Herbert Arden received his first intimation of the unfounded cause for his future wife's unpopularity; and at the other end of the Pincio, near the Spanish Steps, is the Tempietto, where Laura and Arden afterward lived. The restaurants of the Corso are frequently mentioned in the Crawford novels. It was in the Caffé Aragno, that old d'Astrardente heard the perverted story of the duel between Giovanni and Ugo del Ferice. The restaurant where Don Orsino and Count

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"IN A SIDE STREET, NOT FAR FROM THE CORSO, THE LITERARY PILGRIM MAY FIND, WITHOUT A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE, THE ANCIENT PALAZZO GABRIELLI, WHICH MR. CRAWFORD CHOSE AS THE SARACINESCA HOME, THE VAST OLD PALACE WHICH HAD SHELTERED SO MANY HUNDREDS OF SARACINESCAS."

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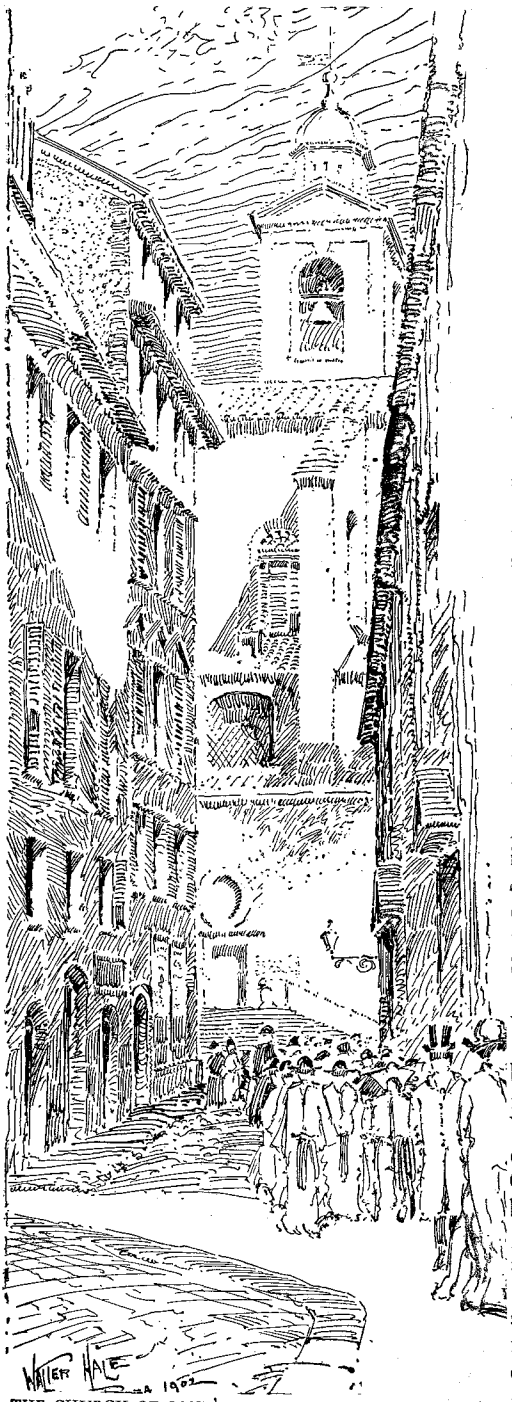

THE CHURCH OF SANT' AGOSTINO, WHERE FAUSTINA MET THE ZOUAVE GOUACHE

Spicca ate their August dinners is now the home of a club. San Giacinto, to show his faith in Pietro Ghisleri, drove with him "six times round the Villa Borghese, six times round the Pincio, and four times the length of the Corso." In the church of Sant' Agostino, Faustina met the painter—Zouave Gouache. In the church of Capuccini, Corona sobbed out her heart to her confessor. Don Giovanni sat alone in the dark on the steps of St. Peter's, overwhelmed with the thought of his love for her. Later Giovanni and Corona were married in the church of Santi Apostoli. The public treasures of Rome are always open to the pilgrim; but the old palaces, such as those of the Saracinesca and the Montevarchi, are impenetrable. Anastase Gouache summed it up when he said, "Their palaces are historic. Their equipages are magnificent. That is all the foreigners see of Roman families."

Following the trail of the American novelist about Italy we have Venice in Fenimore Cooper's *Bravo,* in Crawford's *Marietta,* in Hopkinson Smith's *Gondola Days,* in W. D. Howells's *Venetian Days;* the neighbourhood of Florence in Henry Harland's *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* and *My Friend Prospero,* Sorrento in Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Agnes of Sorrento,* and Sicily in Mr. Crawford's *Casa Braccia, Taquisara,* and *Coreleone,* while a novel of a few months ago, Stephen French Whitman's *The Isle of Unrest,* dealt first with Rome, and then with an island off the Sicilian coast.

Of English writers Robert Hichens has found Sicily a favourite background, notably in *The Call of the Blood.* With Venice as with Rome the American traveller will probably turn first to Marion Crawford. *Marietta* dealt with the glass blowers of Murano, and a hundred eager gondoliers are at hand to convey you across the lagoon to the island with its factories and the house which was described as the home of Beroviero. Or in Venice the pilgrim may choose to recall George Sand's *Consuelo* and *The Countess of Rudolstadt,* or Max Pemberton's *Signors of the Night,* or a cer-

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tain chapter in the exploits of Conan Doyle's "Etienne Gerard" in the course of which the Brigadier lost an ear.

The paper in the July issue ended with the picture of Edmond Dantes and the Abbé Faria in the Chateau d'If. Perhaps the traveller, passing the grim old prison, is on his way by boat from Marseilles to Naples. If so, he will be likely to see, at very close range, the rugged little island, climbing toward the clouds, where the millions of Roman crowns were buried, and from which Dumas's romance took its name. Then there will probably be many hours during which the ship will be running along

"THE ORSO, ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT INNS IN THE WORLD." CRAWFORD'S "SANT' ILARIO"

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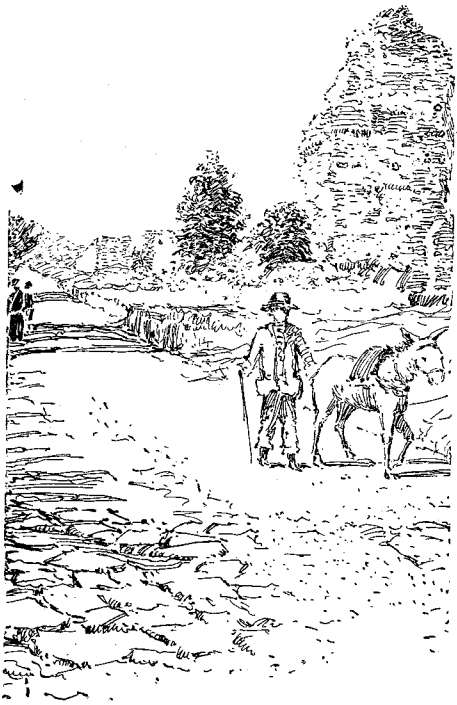
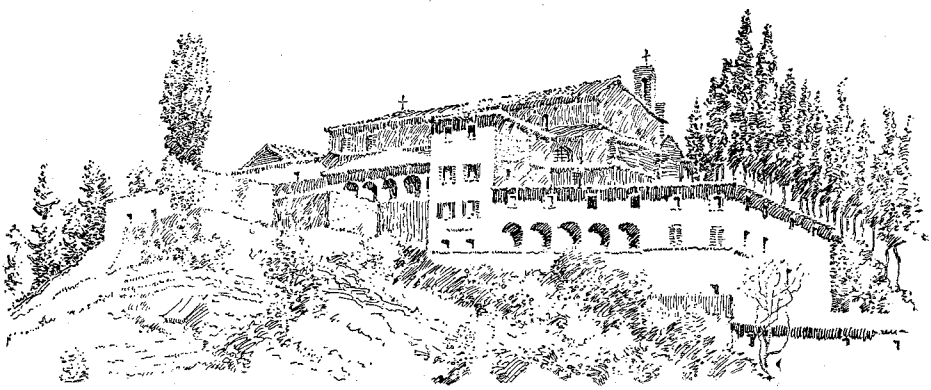


THE APPIAN WAY. CRAWFORD'S "SARACINESCA"



FIESOLE. MAURICE HEWLETT'S "QUATTROCENTISTERIA"

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the shore of Corsica, the Corsica of Dumas's *The Corsican Brothers,* of Prosper Merimée's *Colomba,* of Guy de Maupassant's *Une Vie,* "Vendetta," "L'Amour," or if you will, the Corsica of Henry Seton Merriman's *Isle of Unrest,* Quiller Couch's *Sir John Constantine,* or Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York,* where the well-meaning but intrusive American blundered fatally, and where Count Musso Danella digged the pit into which he himself fell.

III

It is very unlikely that the leisurely traveller, or the hurried one either, who has had a taste of Switzerland, is unacquainted with that part of the Lake of Geneva which is farthest from the city from which the lake takes its name. The whole lake has been likened, by Mr. William Sharp, to a kind of shore-set cosmopolis. "Julius Cæsar is a long way off, and Mrs. Humphry Ward is very much of to-day, but between these two

THE MERCERIA, VENICE. MAX PEMBERTON'S "SIGNORS OF THE NIGHT"

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VERONA, THE STREET OF THE STAIR. MAURICE HEWLETT'S "MADONNA OF THE PEACH TREE"

scribes is an army of poets and novelists, essayists and philosophers. The Lake of Geneva is France, with Voltaire, Stendhal, Mme. de Staël, George Sand, Dumas, Daudet, and others; England, with Byron, Gibbon, Dickens and a score more, from Ruskin, the literary high priest of Switzerland, with more than one eminent novelist of to-day; America with Longfellow and Mark Twain, Russia with Turgenev, Germany with a battalion led by Goethe, and Italy with Edmondo de Amicis and others." Switzerland claims no literature of its own, but points out with pride that the most influential of all modern authors, Rousseau, was not only born a Swiss, but lived the better part of his years and wrote the better part of his vast achievement in his native country. But to confine ourselves to the Villeneuve end of the Lake. From Ouchy-Lausanne the road runs on to Vevay, Montreux and the Castle of Chillon. Across the water there are the rising mountains, and, in the distance, the tall peak of the Dent du Midi. The road is rich in literary associations. It was in Lausanne that Gibbon wrote his history. It was at Vevay that Arthur Pendennis settled down to pen the two or three hundred thousand words in which he told of the career of his friend Clive Newcome, in the volumes which were edited by a certain William Makepeace Thackeray. Again it was at Vevay that Henry James gave us the first glimpse of Daisy Miller. Then, when you come, a little farther on, to the Castle of Chillon you have your choice of the heroic or the comic. You can regard the Chateau through the eyes of Bonivard or of Byron the sentimentalist who wrote:

> Chillon, thy dungeon is a holy place
> And thy stone floor an altar.

Or as the scene of an historic episode in the illustrious career of our old friend Tartarin.

If the present paper has the effect of sending a score of readers back to the pages of Daudet's *Tartarin Sur les Alpes*

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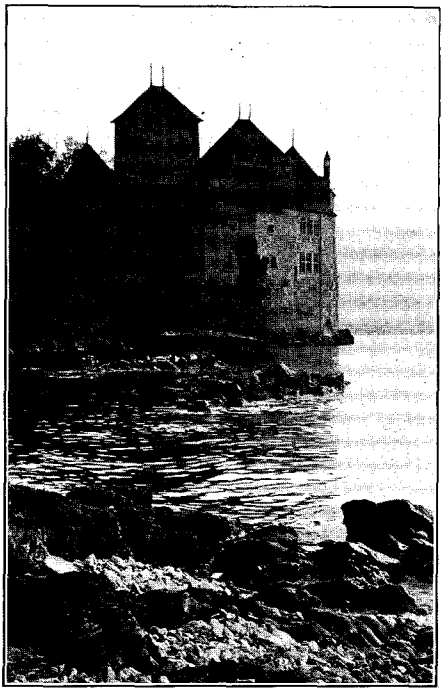
it will have been written to good purpose. The second book of the trilogy is better than its predecessor, *Tartarin de Tarascon;* it is immeasurably better than *Port-Tarascon.* It is very near the apex among the great comic books of all literature. The march of Tartarin and his Alpinists through Switzerland is a veritable Odyssey, and a certain reverent humility is necessary if we are to travel in those illustrious footsteps. Briefly let us recall the narrative. The glories of the African exploits have become slightly dimmed by time, and Tartarin feels his prestige threatened by envious rivals. To establish himself securely upon the throne he plans a new enterprise, the invasion of Switzerland, and the conquest of her mountains. The flag of the P. C. A. shall be planted on the most terrible peaks. The first adventure takes him to the summit of the Rigi, where the hundreds of patrons of the palatial hotel see a sight they have never seen before, a real Alpinist, dressed for the part. A little later, when he has announced his intention of climbing the Jungfrau, Tartarin feels his courage oozing, until he meets Bompard and listens to the most astounding of confessions. Bompard, who even in Tarascon had been known as "the Impostor," is an employee of the company. Tartarin hints at his fears. Bompard bursts out laughing. "Switzerland," he says, "listen, M. Tartarin, and I will tell you a secret. *There is no Switzerland!*" According to his reassuring tale the land is nothing more than a vast Kursaal manipulated by a company with immense resources, and engineered and machine worked like the under stage of the Paris opera. "But the crevasses," urged Tartarin, "those horrible crevasses. Suppose one falls into them?" "You fall on snow, M. Tartarin, and you don't hurt yourself; and there is always at the bottom a porter, a hunter, at any rate some one who picks you up, shakes and brushes you and asks politely: 'Has Monsieur any baggage?'" Swallowing greedily this colossal lie, Tartarin is strengthened to feats of stupendous valour. The hardy mountaineers who accompany him on the ascent carry back to their villages tales of a mountain climber whose like was never known before. In time Tartarin reaches Chillon. His faith in the legend of William Tell has been somewhat rudely shattered, but to the story of Bonnivard he clings with naïve tenacity. The patriot chained to the pillar in the dungeon has always had to him a particular appeal. So of course fate sees to it that he finds himself arrested as a supposed Nihilist and locked up for safekeeping in Bonnivard's dungeon. The scenes of Tartarin's second series of exploits are all along the beaten paths of travel—Interlaken, Geneva, Chillon, Montreux, the Brunig Pass, Basle, Lucerne, until it comes to the attempted ascent of the Matterhorn, when Bompard, pledged in a boastful moment to accompany the President of the Alpine Club, reveals to Tartarin the reality of the dangers through which the latter



CHILLON, WHERE TARTARIN WAS HELD FOR SAFEKEEPING AS A SUPPOSED NIHILIST

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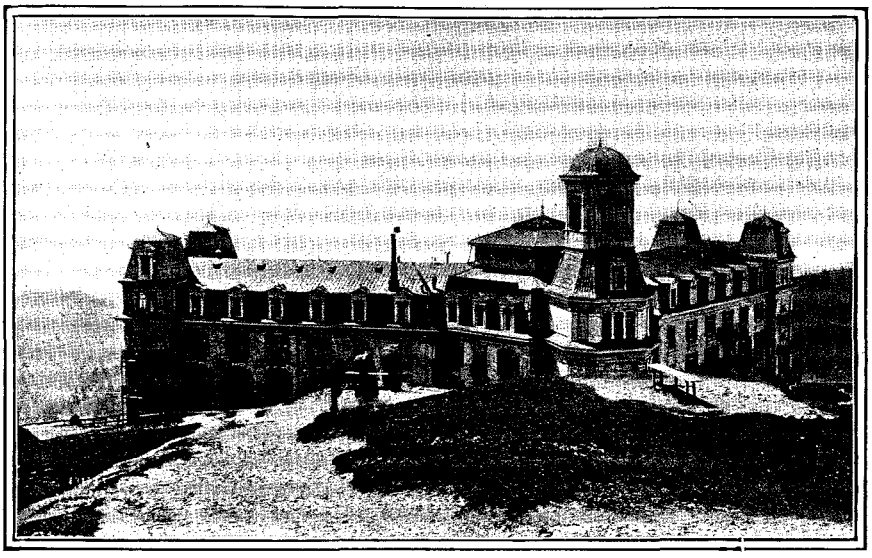

THE RIGI KULM. "AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE VAST HOTEL, WITH ITS THREE HUNDRED WINDOWS, LOOMED UP BEFORE HIM." DAUDET'S "TARTARIN SUR LES ALPES"

has unsuspectingly passed. Then, the rope cut in two places, Tarascon in mourning for its hero buried in the Alpine snows, Bompard's epic accounts of his descents in search of the body, and finally the appearance of Tartarin himself unharmed, placid, serene. Men have followed through Andalusia the trail of Don Quixote de la Mancha. Tartarin of Tarascon is Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one.

IV

Probably the idea of the Netherlands in fiction will bring to mind first of all Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth.* But the range of that panoramic novel takes the reader far beyond the boundaries of Holland and Belgium. Beginning in the Holland of the Middle Ages it shows the painters, the dykes, the life. Then the tale leads down the long line of the Rhine, depicts the life of the great mercantile cities of South Germany, leads into Italy, and describes the artist life of mediæval Rome. After *The Cloister and the Hearth* the present writer would choose *Vanity Fair* as his companion in the Netherlands. It was in the Brussels chapters that the book took form, that the spirit of caricature fell away from it, that it ceased to be a series of semi-comic pictures dealing with English society under George III and became a masterpiece. If you are in Brussels, you do not have to conjure up those old ghosts. They thrust themselves upon you. You see Major O'Dowd and his lady, William Dobbin and Jos Sedley, George Osborne and Amelia, Rawdon Crawley and Rebecca. You recall the great ball of the Duchess of Richmond broken up by the news that the enemy had crossed the Sambre, the terror and flight of Jos, the encounter with Lady Barecres from which little Becky emerged triumphant, and finally the lines in which the book found itself which told that "no more firing was heard in Brussels, the pursuit rolled miles and miles away; Amelia was on her knees praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart." With brief allusions to Belgium and Holland as the background of certain books by American writers such as Mr. McCutcheon's *Castle Craneycrow,* Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker,* W. D. Howells's *The Kentons,* and Burton E. Stevenson's *An Affair of State,* we shall follow the Thackerayan trail

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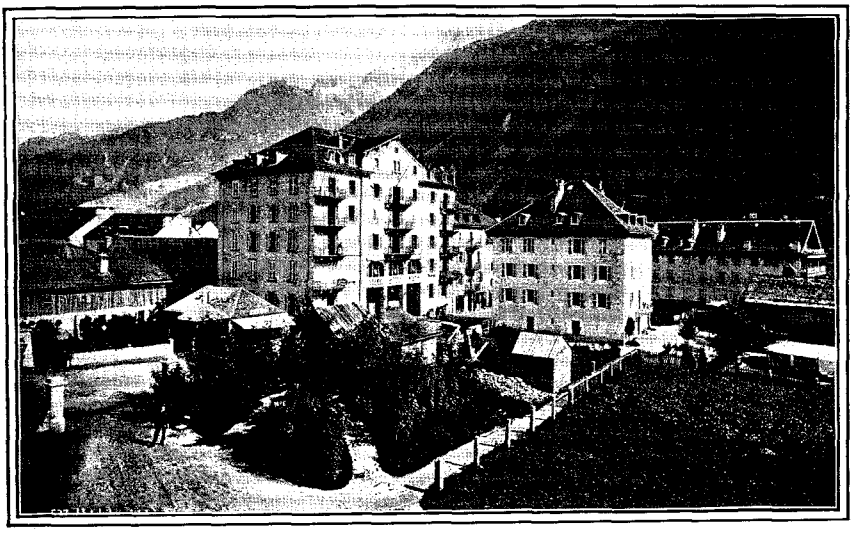

CHAMONIX. DAUDET'S "TARTARIN SUR LES ALPES"

across the German frontier to the town of Weimar, over which, when Thackeray was there as a young man, Goethe ruled in stately greatness. It was in Weimar that we witnessed the last incarnation of Jos Sedley, when he had fallen into the clutches of Mrs. Crawley and her accomplices, Major Loder and Captain Rook. It was there that Dobbin, weary of the struggle, broke his chains and asserted his independence. But for the real Thackerayan flavour it is best to turn back to the town as it was depicted in the *Fitzboodle Papers* under the name of Pumperknickel, where it was the scene of George Fitzboodle's loves and disillusionments, and the inspiration of some of his more or less atrocious verses. From Weimar we may proceed down the Rhine in company with the aristocratic Kicklebury family, to Strassburg, where Mrs. Crawley, as Madam Rebecque, sold tickets for a concert which did not take place, to Baden, where Barnes Newcome "came a wooing" and Jack Belsize groaned in the darkness, and Kew fought a duel with the Gascon; while there are very few corners of Germany that we will not find if we pursue sedulously the wanderings of Mr. Barry Lyndon and his accomplished uncle. Germany in the works of the most cosmopolitan of modern novelists, Mr. Crawford, is represented by *Greifenstein* and *A Cigarette Maker's Romance,* while we have Austria in the same author's *The Witch of Prague,* and Russian Turkey in *Paul Patoff* and *Arethusa.* Germany also is the background of Longfellow's *Hyperion,* and in *The Princess Aline* Richard Harding Davis takes us on a pursuit which leads through Germany and on into Greece. It was at Dresden that Rudolf Rassendyl changed trains on the journey that was to carry him to his Ruritanian adventures, and some years afterwards, as told in *Rupert of Hentzau,* it was to Dresden that he travelled to receive the rose and letter of Queen Flavia.

V

"Graustark? Where is it? Well, it has been described as a fair land of promise 'east of the setting sun!' One takes the train at Vienna and journeys just as far as his fancy will permit, or until sleep overcomes him. If one's fancy carries him far enough he will see Graustark as I have seen it, and if he possesses an amiable imagination he will stay awake long after he has discovered

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SIENKIEWICZ'S POLAND. THE CONVENT AT KAMENETZ WHERE BASIA FOUND REFUGE. "THE DELUGE"

it, no matter where it may happen to be at the time. 'Old and strong,' that is what the name stands for in matter-of-fact English. Personally, I have conducted a great many people to Graustark, about as well as Thomas Cook and Company could do it with all their circular tickets, etc.; certainly in a less expensive manner, and positively without subjecting any of them to the pangs of homesickness. I selected Graustark as the setting for certain romances for a very good reason; I am on particularly friendly terms with the royal family. As a matter of fact, they declare that they couldn't live without me."

So writes George Barr McCutcheon of the mountain kingdom in which he has placed so many romances, and the description might serve for countless Ruritanias, Photecias, Danubias, and Swashbucklias. On the map of Europe draw a line from Leipsig to Trieste; another from Warsaw to Belgrade, and then connect Leipsig and Warsaw, and Trieste and Belgrade, and one has a great square, which, if it has no political nor diplomatic significance, is of immense importance to the makers and readers of the modern romantic novel. Since Mr. Hope set the fashion by sending Rassendyl away from the West End of London on his journey, this square has been experiencing the most marvellous upheavals and complications. If one has the proper amount of imagination, and is not over strong on geography, anything may happen here. You may wear a rapier, and with it run your neighbour gracefully through the midriff, as gentlemen used to do in the good days of Cardinal Richelieu; you may swim moats and demolish donjons, hobnob with royal personages and match pennies (if you call them groats) with prime ministers and archbishops—no diplomatic formality is necessary, nothing but the proper amount of British imperturbability or good American cheek.

Indeed, in these mythical kingdoms and principalities even certain utilitarian achievements of the nineteenth century lend a glamour to mediæval romance. The hero may dramatically throttle an inconvenient agent of the *police secrét* in a first-class railway carriage, or block a treasonable intrigue by a shrewd use of the telephone or telegraph. Then po-

SIENKIEWICZ'S POLAND. THE OLD CHURCH AT KAMENETZ. "THE DELUGE"

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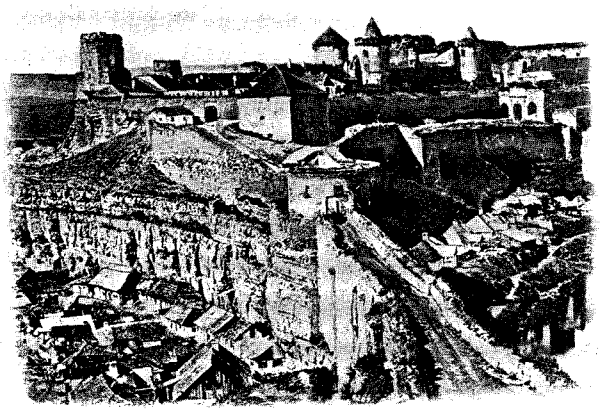
litical Europe as it is to-day is so rich in suggestion. In some direction not very far from Ruritania lies Russia, and the romantic novelist may hint darkly at the crafty designs of the impenetrable Czar; show us the ominous overshadowing figure of the Bear. There is Austria—that Austria of which Metternich was the incarnation, and the "unspeakable Turk," now shorn of his terror, and the restless and relentless Prussia; and France, with the Napoleonic legend, and the spirit of revolt not far away, and an official Briton will always be found wherever diplomacy is used and bad French spoken.

threatened the existence of the Poles. Prince Boguslaw, of *The Deluge,* represents the "foreignised" Polish aristocrat, responsible for most of his country's misfortune. Although the three books take the reader all over the ancient commonwealth, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, three places stand out prominently above all others. In *With Fire and Sword* it is Zbaraj, which was besieged by Hmelnitski and Tugai Bey, and heroically defended by Prince Yeremi. In *The Deluge* it is Chenstohova, where Kordetski and Kmita withstood the Swedes under Miller. In *Pan Michael* it is Kamenetz where, in the fighting



THE BATTLEMENTS OF KAMENETZ. "THE DELUGE"

A more material setting of southeastern Europe is that which comprises the Commonwealth of Poland at its greatest extent, the country of Sienkiewicz, the scene of his famous trilogy, *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge* and *Pan Michael.* The trilogy is Poland itself. Podbipienta, large limbed, great hearted, chivalrous, patient, represents Lithuania, the vast, savage northeast domain. Zagloba, boastful, yet brave, enormous eater and drinker, is the type of the *petite noblesse.* Volodiyovski is the soldier, the marvellous swordsman. Bohun, in *With Fire and Sword,* represents the Cossack, and Azya in *Pan Michael,* the Tartar, those untamed foes who forever against the surrounding Turks, the little knight Volodiyovski lost his life.

VI

There are certain works of fiction which it is not at all necessary to urge upon the traveller. It is quite obvious that the visitor, spending a fortnight in Edinburgh, will turn to the pages of *The Heart of Midlothian;* that the pilgrim making the excursion from Naples along the coast of the Mediterranean to the excavated city will take with him Bulwer's *The Last Days of Pompeii.* In the same way it is quite unnecessary to point out to the American visitor in

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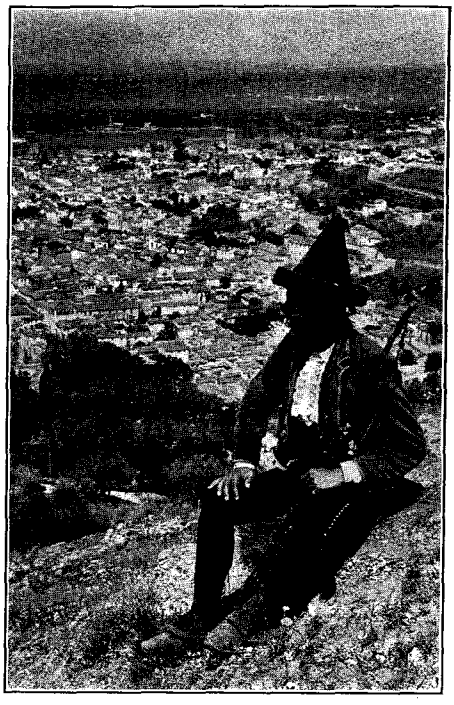
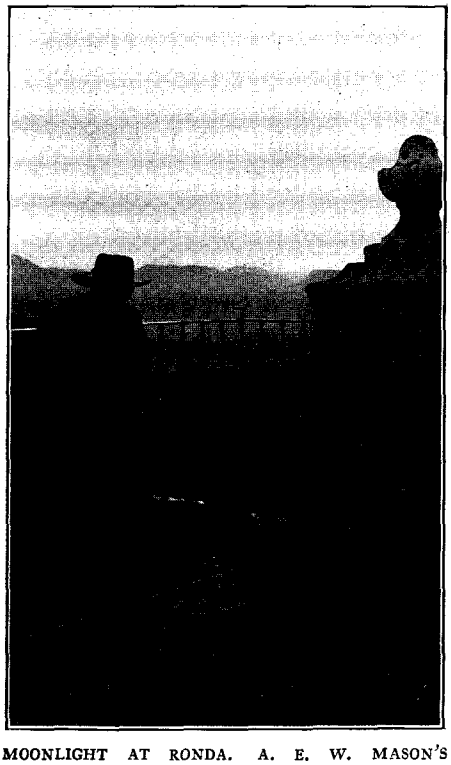
Granada the works of our own Washington Irving. First, of course, there is the splendid history depicting the long wars between Moslem and Spaniard. Then there are the lighter sketches, "The Legend of the Arabian Astrologer," "The Legend of the Two Discreet Statues," "The Legend of Prince Ahmed al Kamel," "The Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses," and "The Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra." But in the gardens of the Alhambra there are the ghosts of more modern heroes and heroines than those of Irving. It was there that George Bernard Shaw placed the last act of *Man and Superman,* and that John Tanner felt the coils of his relentless pursuer tighten about him.

Across the straits from Gibraltar, where Tartarin and his fellow-colonists were landed by the British man-of-war after their deportation from Port Tarascon, lies Tangier, a journey of three hours by a little boat. It is a trip that never should be missed by any one to whom the opportunity presents itself, not only for the wonders of the city itself, but for its intimate associations with several volumes of exceedingly entertaining though somewhat trivial fiction. First is Mr. Dawson's *African Nights Entertainment,* a book of ten years ago, which never received anything like its fair share of appreciation. Then there are Mr. Davis's *The Exiles* and *The King's Jackal,* the first being positively the best story that Mr. Davis has ever written. Tangier is the East—the real East,—not the Americanised Orient of trolley systems, and innumerable telephones, but the unchanging East, retaining the thought, the traditions, the manners of a thousand years ago, where one finds at every turn something suggestive of *The Thousand and One Nights* and "the golden prime of the good Haroun al-Raschid." Against this Oriental



GRANADA. FROM THE SEAT OF THE MOOR



MOONLIGHT AT RONDA. A. E. W. MASON'S "MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY"

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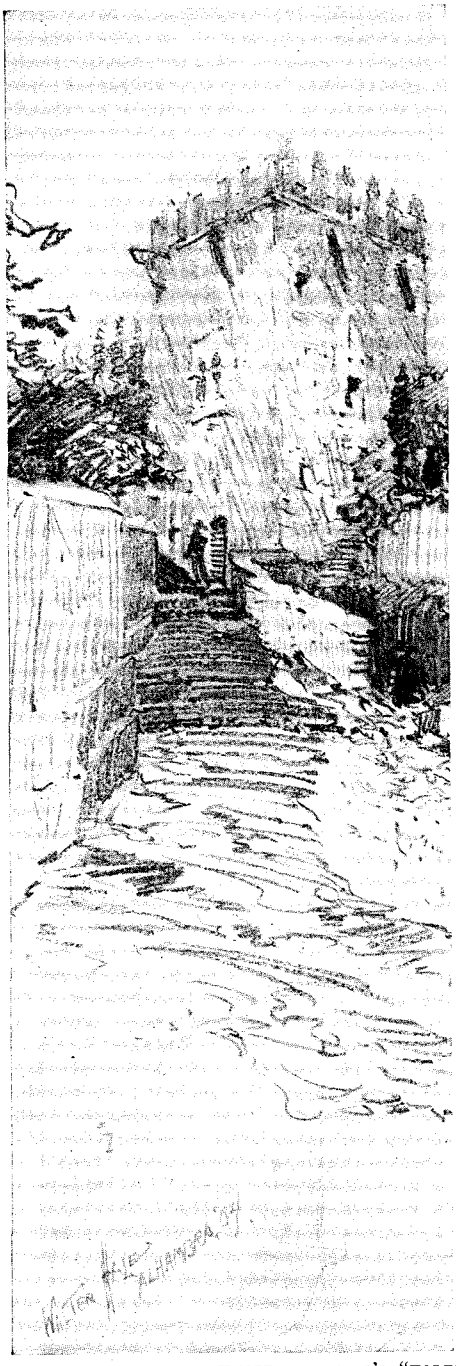

OLD GRANADA. WASHINGTON IRVING'S "TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA"

OLD GRANADA. WASHINGTON IRVING'S "TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA"

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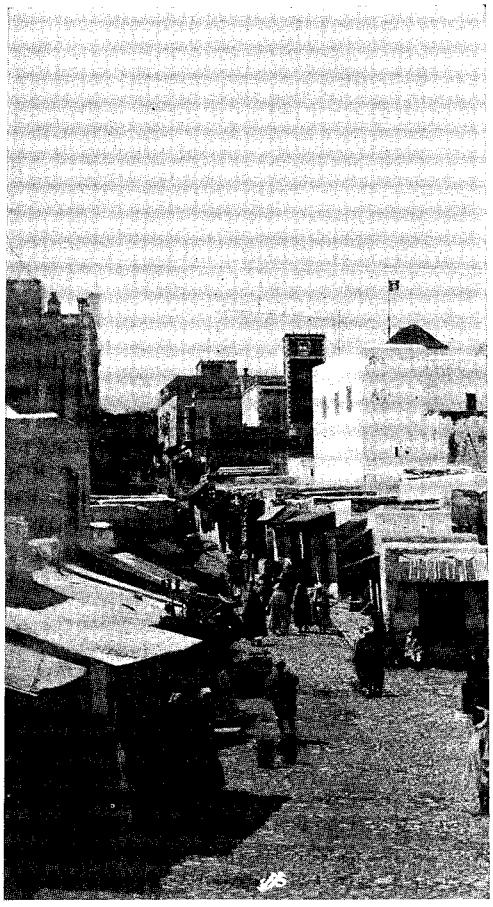
background are the tourists, and above all, that little permanent colony of Europeans and Americans of mysterious antecedents, many of whom find the great fascination of Tangier in the fact that there they are immune from the pursuit of Occidental justice. Near the end of *The Exiles* there is a passage that cannot be too often quoted. Holcombe, the New York Assistant District Attorney, leaving Tangier, asks Meakin, the police commissioner who had been indicted for blackmailing gambling houses, if he cannot do something for him at home. Meakin replied:

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in from the Hall, and you just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall and the Third Avenue L cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight, ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it?" Well, he laughed and shook his head, "I'll be back there some day, won't I?" he said wistfully, "and hear it for myself."



TANGIER. THE MAIN STREET

There is no need to attempt to follow minutely the footsteps of Holcombe and Meakin and Carrol, of *The Exiles;* or of King Louis and Prince Kalonay and the Countess Zara of *The King's Jackal.* Tangier is comparatively a very small city, and as you stand on the deck of the steamer entering the bay the whole scene lies before you. To the left, beyond, are the tall hills, dotted here and there with a little cluster of white houses, and directly in front the beach of Tangier and the city rising to the south, turret after turret. Although in both *The King's Jackal* and *The Exiles* Mr. Davis's descriptions are general rather than specific, it is obvious that the Hôtel Grande Bretagne of the former story is in reality the Villa de France, and the Albion the Continental.

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SIGHTING ARABIA

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

My heart, that is Arabia, O see!
That talismanic sweep of sunset coast,
Which lies like richly wrought enchantment's ghost
Before us, bringing back youth's witchery!

"Arabian Nights!" At last to us one comes,
The crescent moon upon its purple brow!
Will not Haroun and Bagdad rise up now
There on the shore, to beating of his drums?

Is not that gull a roc? That sail Sindbad's?
That rocky pinnacle a minaret?
Does the wind call to prayer from it? O yet
I hear the fancy, fervid as a lad's!

"Allah il Allah," rings it, O my heart,
Fall, prostrate, for to Mecca we are near,
That flashing light is but a sign sent clear
From her your houri as her curtains part!

Soon she will lean out from her lattice, soon,
And bid you climb up to your Paradise,
Which is her panting lips and passion eyes
Under the drunken sweetness of the moon!

O heart, my heart, drink deeply e'er they die,
The sunset dome, the minaret, the dreams
Flashing afar from youth's returnless streams:
For we, my heart, must grow old, you and I!

THE SEA WIDOWER

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Dreaming the fisherman sat in the firelight,—
The low fire, the red fire, the fire upon the stone.
The sudden snap o' casement glass fell on his ear by night,—
The wind's cry, his wife's cry—the wife that left him lone.

Men say the fisherman is one that walks in fey:
His boat calls, the nets call, adown the flood goes he;
The fishing-fleet at evening came homing o'er the bay;—
An empty boat, a broken oar, two halcyons on the sea.

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THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART VI—THE TIME OF POE

THE people who were living in New York City 1825-50 had perhaps more justification than any people who ever lived for losing their sense of values in the habitual conflict between the new and the old generation. Conditions along the whole Eastern seaboard had changed bewilderingly during this period. Europe was but substituting new means of communication and transportation and manufacture for old—the Eastern States of America were to a great extent leaping over the transition period and substituting all these things for just nothing at all. Well-nigh complete isolation began suddenly to yield to close contact with few intermediate stages. "In 1790," says the *Life of Josiah Quincy,* "a journey to New York was a much rarer event than a voyage to Europe now. It took nearly as long and was attended with greater danger and discomfort. Two stage coaches and twelve horses sufficed for the travel between the two chief commercial places on the Continent, and the journey consumed a week." As a young man, S. G. Goodrich had a sense of having penetrated extraordinarily into the outer world when he travelled from Litchfield, Connecticut, to Hartford, few persons ever having gone so far.

No locality in the history of the world ever changed with such confusing rapidity as New York City. Small wonder that people fancied more stable days, out of the dust and ruin of transition, were really happier ones. In 1678 the total number of houses in New York was three hundred and eighty-four; in 1733 Bowling Green was made into a park by three good citizens, who paid one peppercorn a year for it—in eleven years the price was raised to twenty shillings. At the beginning of the century New York was a town of sixty thousand. Social life was aristocratic; and though the great families who formed the Knickerbocker set were declining during the first quarter, they gave the tone to the town. The Erie Canal was completed in 1825, and with it began modern New York. The fourth decade saw the last of Knickerbocker rule, and then the social aspect of the city changed greatly. As by force of circumstances the upper ten withdrew their social influence, the submerged tenth increased theirs. The enormous immigration began to create gradually a large class of unfortunates, who in any period of sudden distress were promptly thrown into a starving condition. Philip Hone—from whose diary, one of the most fascinating personal documents ever penned, this article draws so many extracts—saw his city expand from twenty thousand to five hundred thousand. What wonder he sometimes felt he had builded upon a quicksand which would suddenly engulf everything! During the first quarter the growth of the city had fluctuated. Its bustling business suffered severely from the Embargo 1808-12, and from 1812 to 1814 lasted the second war with England. But with the restoration of peace the city awoke like magic. In 1820 there were one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants; in 1825 optimists were looking as far as Fourteenth Street!

Here is a description of New York in 1806 by a Resident of Philadelphia. (The very title is zestful, is it not?)

Mr. ——— says he has received more attention from the people of the first rank

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during his short residence here than he would have done for years in Philadelphia. Mr. ——— inhabits a house of a size and in a relative situation for gentility, which in Philadelphia would rent for two hundred dollars a year; here he pays five hundred, nor is it considered as uncommonly dear. Some rent for fifteen hundred and, as I have been told, eighteen hundred, but they are large and elegant and occupied as Coffee Houses. House rent, generally, is said to be much dearer than at Philadelphia, and provisions likewise. You have doubtless heard of the very absurd custom which prevails here of people's changing their places of abode every first day of May. The true cause is said to proceed from the landlord's increasing the rent so often.

No person is compelled to walk here. He may travel *in style* in an excellent and handsome hackney coach provided with good horses, careful drivers, and an obsequious footman for twenty-five cents. Wishing to go to Vauxhall Gardens, about two miles from my lodgings, I walked up Broadway to St. Paul's Church, where I was saluted with "Sir, do you wish to ride to Vauxhall?" I answered in the affirmative, and presented the driver with twenty-five cents, and was surprised when told it was a dollar; that four might enter, which made it twenty-five cents each. Scarcely had I turned before a party was formed, and I added one to the number. After paying fifty cents for the ticket, I entered the garden and witnessed the representation of *The Agreeable Surprise*. After the play was over the spectators were to be amused by the ascent of a balloon, but it took fire and was consumed in a moment. The gardens seem to be extensive and are laid out with taste. They were handsomely lighted.

There are few or no genteel Taverns. There are many of a superior kind, and a great number of what Philadelphians would call "Sailors' lodging-houses." When I say genteel, I mean such as those which men of respectability in the middle ranks of life are accustomed to frequent in Philadelphia. I do not find that great plenty and variety of provisions as at Philadelphia, nor are they quite so cheap. Fish, however, forms an exception to this rule. Those who have seen both will scarcely venture to compare the markets of New York with the prodigious ones of Philadelphia.

Set with this a description by Thorburn, of nearly the same period:

They had only two banks—rarely gave a note—but one small playhouse—no operas, no ottomans, few sofas or sideboards, and perhaps not six pianos in the city. I began housekeeping with three rush-bottomed chairs at twenty-five cents apiece. Ten dollars closed the entire concern I brought my wife to.

"The same store which fetched eleven hundred dollars in 1807, and in 1809 fourteen hundred dollars, brought thirty-five hundred dollars in 1859," records a man who helped to put on its tile roof when he built it sixty years before. More in detail you may read the process in Hone's diary.

1835—Real estate is high, beyond all the calculation of the most sanguine. Immense fortunes have been made within the last three months. There must come a change, and then woe to those who are caught. 1836—I have this day sold my house in which I live, No. 235 Broadway, for sixty thousand dollars, to be converted into shops below and the upper part to form part of the establishment of the American Hotel. I bought this property in 1821 for twenty-five thousand dollars. I make a large profit, but the rage for speculation is at present so high that it will prove an excellent purchase. I shall leave this delightful house with feelings of deep regret. The splendid rooms, the fine situation, my snug library, well-arranged books, handsome pictures, what will become of them? I have turned myself out of doors; but sixty thousand dollars is a great deal of money. Almost everybody down town is in the same predicament, for all the dwelling houses are to be converted into stores. We are tempted with prices so exorbitantly high that none can resist; and the old down-town burgomasters, who have fixed to one spot all their lives, will be seen during the next summer in flocks, marching reluctantly north to pitch tents in places which, in their time, were orchards, corn-

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fields or morasses a pretty smart distance from town, and a journey to which was formerly an affair of some moment, but which constitute at this time the most fashionable quarter of New York. We did not see any lots which appeared to us so desirable as some on Lafayette Place. Rents have risen fifty per cent. for the next year. Lots two miles from the City Hall are worth eight or ten thousand dollars. Even in the eleventh ward, toward the East River, where they sold two or three years ago for two or three thousand dollars, they are now held for four and five thousand dollars. [He finally bought corner of Broadway and Great Jones Street, a lot twenty-nine by one hundred and thirty feet, for fifteen thousand dollars and hired "a marble house with a portico in Broadway opposite Washington Place for sixteen hundred a year, while building".] 1839—May day is fine pleasant weather, much to the comfort of jaded wives and fretting husbands. There is a great deal of moving in the streets out of Broadway in the upper part of the city, but less I think than usual amongst the tenants of good houses. But the pulling down of houses and stores in the lower parts is awful. Brickbats, rafters, and slates are showering down in every direction. There is no safety on the sidewalks, and the head must be saved at the expense of soiling the boots. My poor dear house, 235 Broadway, is coming down forthwith; and in a few weeks the home of my happy days will be incontinently swept from the earth. Farther up, at the corner of Chambers Street, a row of low buildings has been removed to make way for one of those mighty edifices called hotels—eating, drinking, and lodging above, and gay shops below. And so all the way up; the spirit of pulling down and building up is abroad. The whole of New York is rebuilt about once in ten years.

FOOD

When the Englishman John Lambert visited New York in 1807, he thought the city had an appearance of magnificence. The price of lodging at genteel boarding-houses, he said, was from one and one-half to three guineas a week. During the embargo and the war provisions became scarce and very high and so continued for several years. Milk in the winter of 1815 even reached an American shilling a quart; 1817 was a very hard winter also, and the best beef went to twelve and one-half cents, pork and veal to ten, mutton to eight, good turkeys to one dollar and fifty-six cents, fresh butter to thirty-three, and potatoes to fifty-six cents a barrel. In 1825 a Shilling Plate and Two Shilling Ordinary at the corner of Fulton and Water Streets was famous—that is to say, one might have all he wanted of one dish and trimmings for twelve and one-half cents and the entire bill of fare for twenty-five cents. An English traveller in 1830 leaves a list of prices at Fulton Market, which, he says, "surpasses any I ever saw for richness and abundance of supply." (He should have talked to the gentleman from Philadelphia!) The best cuts of beef were eight to twelve cents, the common cuts, four to eight; mutton, lamb and veal, six to eight; pork, five to seven; eggs per dozen, twelve cents; butter, fifteen to eighteen; chickens per pair, fifty to sixty-three; potatoes per bushel, thirty to thirty-eight.

When Horace Greeley arrived in New York in 1831, he had ten dollars in his pocket and not an acquaintance in the city. "We're too high for you," said the bar-keeper at the first likely tavern he entered. "We charge six a week." He found a boarding-house which took him for twenty shillings (two dollars and fifty cents), but he liked nothing there beyond its cheapness. He then bought a suit of clothes for about four dollars and started to look for work. He finally found it as compositor. At piecework, he could make six dollars a week if he began before six in the morning and worked until nine in the evening. Better food he found at a mechanics' boarding-house, which accommodated fifty boarders — mostly shoemakers, who worked in their rooms and paid for room and board two dollars and fifty cents a week. The Eating House revolution had just begun, and the institution of Dining Down Town.

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The boarders' great weekly dissipation was a Sixpenny Dining Saloon in Beekman Street, where they had a splendid feast for a shilling (twelve and one-half cents). That same year the Rev. Isaac Fidler came to town, after a voyage of seven weeks from London.

For two rooms, badly furnished, three meals a day, and water to drink, I paid twenty-one dollars a week. Myself, my wife and two children, with a servant, constituted the members of my family. Fire and candles cost us four dollars a week, and would have cost double had we continued longer at the same house. Our landlady informed us that from the price of fuel she could not supply with fire for less than one dollar a day. We had but one fireplace, which, had we submitted to such exaction, would have cost in four months nearly twenty-five pounds. We afterward rented unfurnished apartments, which allowed us to be more private than any boarding-house in New York admits of. It was our intention at first to take an entire house; but on finding that any one of respectability would cost from one hundred to two hundred pounds a year, we contented ourselves with lodgings. For unfurnished lodgings in most parts of the city more is demanded than for furnished lodgings in many parts of London. Our servant in the meanwhile left us. She had been ascertaining the value of a dollar and how many made a pound; and most probably conceived she could obtain more elsewhere. On making inquiries at the house where we had previously boarded, we found that the mistress of it had seduced her from us. The person at whose house we had taken lodgings was an Englishman, a painter. He so often spoke with contempt and bitterness of kings, nobility, priests, and taxes that it was evident at once under what denomination he might be classed. He was a radical, a gambler, a frequenter of Tammany Hall—a place where the lower and more restless orders meet to discuss political and religious questions, and not a few of whose frequenters, as I was informed, are professed atheists. His wife told me that with the same means they could have been much more comfortable in Liverpool. We paid for coals at the rate of $17 a ton, double what they had been in the summer. While in England we had thought 40s. a chaldron a high price, but in New York they were twice that sum.

Holt's Hotel, opened in 1833, was in its day one of the wonders of New York. It was the largest and most magnificent inn erected up to that time, and its prices were thought exorbitant even by rich people. They were $1.50 a day. Here are some of Hone's entries in the panic years, 1835-1837:

1835—Living in New York is exorbitantly dear, and it falls pretty hard upon persons like me who live upon their income, and harder still upon that large and respectable class whose support is derived from fixed salaries. Marketing of all kinds, with the exception of apples and potatoes, is higher than I ever knew it. The sweat of the brow of New York all runs into the pockets of the farmers. I paid to-day one and one-half cents a pound for hay, three times the ordinary price. I laid in a winter stock of four to five hundred pounds of butter at two shillings and four pence [twenty-nine cents]. In the long course of my thirty-four years' housekeeping I never buttered my bread at so extravagant a rate. There are many persons in New York as good as myself who must be content to eat dry bread this winter, or at least spread the children's slices confoundedly thin. March 1836—The market was higher this morning than I have ever known it. Beef, twenty-five cents; mutton and veal, fifteen to eighteen; small turkeys, one dollar and a half. 1837—Markets continue extravagantly high. The farmers (or rather the market speculators) tell us that it is owing to the scarcity of corn; but the shad, the cheapness of which makes them in ordinary seasons a great resource to the poor, are not to be bought under seventy-five cents and a dollar. Is this owing to the scarcity of corn, or are the fish afraid to come into our waters lest they be caught in the vortex of Wall Street? Brooms, the price of which time out of mind has been twenty-five cents, are now sold at half a dollar; but corn is scarce. Poor New York!

A Guide Book of 1846 says there

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were one hundred and twenty-three eating houses in the city, not including those establishments which served only oysters. The waiters received ten to twelve dollars; the boys six to seven dollars a month with board and lodging; cooks, eight to ten dollars and dishwashers, four to five dollars. Gosling on Nassau Street dined over one thousand people a day. At the cheap places the usual prices were six cents a plate of meats and three cents a plate of vegetables. The more pretending places asked twice or three times those prices. In 1851 Chamberlin's Saloon, 310 Pearl Street, was a famous restaurant. Here is its advertised bill of fare. Soups: beef, mutton, chicken, six cents. Roasts: Beef, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Mutton, six cents. Roast Pig, Turkey, Goose, Chicken, Duck, twelve and one-half cents. Boiled beef, any kind, six cents. Made Dishes: Pork and Beans, Veal Pie, Beef Steak Pie, Lamb Pie, Mutton Pie, Clam Pie, 6 cents. Oyster Pie, Chicken Pot Pie, twelve and one-half cents.

WAGES AND GENERAL COST OF LIVING

There seems, according to the Report on Statistics of Labor, to have been little or no variation in the rate of money wages paid labourers or mechanics from 1800 to 1815. From 1815 to 1824 the unsettled state of manufactures caused the workingman much distress, for new inventions increased the capacity of the individual operative nine and ten fold. Between 1831 and 1880 men's wages increased thirty-eight per cent; women's, one hundred and forty-nine per cent.; children's, one hundred and fifteen per cent.

Let us turn to the Recollections of Horace Greeley, born 1810.

In my boyhood days it had long been the custom for boys to be bound out for five years for board and lodging and twenty dollars a year in New Hampshire and Vermont. The earnings of good mechanics did not average eight dollars per week in 1836, when I came to New York, while they are now, in 1868, double that sum. And living is *not* twice as dear as then it was. Meat possibly may be, but bread is not, fuel is not, clothing is not; while travel is cheaper, and our little cars have enabled men to live two or three miles from their work without inconvenience. Yet even in the hard winter of 1837 I saw men who somehow contrived to support families on five dollars a week or less, yet cheerfully gave something to those who were *really* poor. Now, in spite of an inflated currency and high taxes, it is easier for a working man to earn his living in New York than it was thirty or forty years ago.

When Grant Thorburn came to New York in 1794 he received five and one-half dollars a week as nail-maker and in one year saved one hundred dollars—that is, he lived upon one hundred and eighty-six dollars. "My father's annual salary as Congregational minister at Ridgefield, Connecticut," says Peter Parley, born 1793, "was four hundred dollars, the last twenty years five hundred dollars. Yet he so brought up his eight children that they all obtained respectable positions in life, and he left an estate of four thousand dollars. Money was scarce, wages being about fifty cents a day, and in Ridgefield seldom paid in money." Writes Thurlow Weed, "James Harper, of Harper and Brothers, and I made by extra work the largest bills in the city of New York. We often earned as much as fourteen dollars a week—liberal wages when you remember that good board could then be obtained for ten dollars a month." This must have been about 1820. At the age of fourteen George Putnam had a yearly salary of twenty-five dollars with board and lodging in a small bookstore in New York City, and J. C. Derby received in 1834 fifty dollars a year and board to work from nine to nine, the customary hours, in a bookstore in Auburn, New York. N. P. Willis in 1831 went abroad at a salary of ten dollars a week to write a series of letters for the *New York Mirror,* and there, on the same salary, became the adored of Lady Blessington's group of fashionable and sentimental young

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women. "Wilson gives me twelve dollars a week to edit the *Whig*, and I live upon that," wrote Greeley in 1839.

A comparative list of prices for the first third of the century shows, aside from minor fluctuations for bad years, a steady decrease in the price of American products and of foreign products not in competition with native ones. (Even so early as 1678 a visitor had written of the New York market, "All the Commodities and Trades are dearer or cheaper according to the plenty of importation from England.") This was the work of better transportation. To carry a ton of wheat from Buffalo to New York in Washington's time cost one hundred dollars. As for the introduction of machinery, this is what it was doing—price of cotton per yard, 1816, thirty cents; 1819, twenty-one cents; 1826, thirteen cents; 1829, eight and one-half cents. Think of the difference the railroads made in the item of postage alone. In 1827 the rate for any distance not over thirty miles was six cents; not over eighty miles, ten cents; not over one hundred and fifty miles, twelve and one-half cents; not over three hundred miles, eighteen and three-fourths cents; over four hundred miles, twenty-five cents. Letters composed of two pieces of paper were double these rates.

In 1825 ten shillings a day (that is, one dollar and twenty-five cents), says De Voe in his *Market Book* in 1857, would be equal to twenty now, with the high rent, provisions and the style of living. A dollar, says Dayton's pleasing *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life*, would buy three times the amount of food and pleasure as now, in 1871. It is so easy to forget that in our youth we had fewer dollars and in our age we have more exacting tastes. "Cato on a lane leading off Third Avenue sold excellent cigars five for a shilling"—"two-fors" they were at this price, and one wonders if he would find them excellent now. Of course he would say so, but at that age the zest of youth overlooks much; and why should a man grow richer if not to buy better cigars?

The raising of the style of living is never as apparent to the amateur economist as the raising of the rent or the price of food. Yet it is the secret of much seeming discrepancy. This is pleasantly illustrated by two entries in Hone's diary. In 1838 he wrote: "Ten gentlemen met and dined to-day, being the first regular meeting of a club which was there organised to dine at each others' houses every Monday at five o'clock punctually. [Four was his own dinner hour.] A sumptuary law was enacted, confining the dinner to soup, fish, oysters, and four dishes of meat, with a dessert of fruit, ice cream, and jelly." This menu of the Home Club might be thought sufficient for anybody. But in 1841 he records: "A strict observance to the limitation of four dishes! So strict that by gastronomic sophistry it extends to a dozen; brant being transformed into fish, oysters coming under the denomination of vegetables, and veal sweetbreads being pronounced of the genus confectionery." Dr. Francis wrote of these famous gatherings: "A Devonshire duke might have been astounded at the amplitude of the repasts and the richness and style of the entertainments."

All over New York, indeed, the pastoral days were departing. When Washington lived at the Franklin House, his steward had served him with the first shad of the season. It cost three dollars. "Take it away," said the General sternly. "Let it never be said that my table set such an example of extravagance and luxury." In 1840 Hone wrote: "A *dejeuner à la fourchette* is something of a novelty in this country, and the last imitation of European refinement. The company assembles about one o'clock and remains till four. Breakfast is served at two, and consists of coffee and chocolate, light dishes of meat, ice cream and confectionery, with lemonade and French and German wines. After the young folks have partaken of their breakfast-dinner, cotillions and

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waltzes are danced." Listen to the moralist Thorburn in 1843.

> You are only a clerk with five hundred dollars a year. If you expect to be a merchant, get married. As you live now, perhaps you don't save fifty dollars a year. You leave your office at seven or eight in the evening and stroll up Broadway, where you fall in with one or two companions. You step into Niblo's and call for three glasses of ice-cream (three shillings); another companion joins you—you call for a cigar and four are handed (one shilling). Your income is five hundred dollars, while mine fifty years ago was only three hundred dollars. Then you go to the theatre for fifty or seventy-five cents, the porter and oyster house comes next in rotation.—Now more money is paid to servants in some of these five-story houses for rubbing, scrubbing and polishing of brasses and furniture; for wiping, dusting, and breaking of glasses and china than it took to support a decent family fifty years ago. People were certainly happier then.

The characteristic lament of the closing sentence sends the mind careering backwards over centuries of similar complaints, each one dovetailing neatly with the other—the good and happy days of the present grandfather being the wicked and degenerate ones of the great-grandfather. And so one may go back to the dawn of recorded time. But yesterday were deciphered some hieroglyphics chiselled upon a monument by the King of Chaldea, 3800 B. C. "We have fallen upon evil times, and the world has waxed very old and wicked. Politics are very corrupt; children are no longer respectful to their parents." No generation has ever had a sense of humour.

TRAVEL AND ITS COST

Travel to Philadelphia, in the beginning of the century, was by two lines of stages. The Mail Diligence admitted but seven passengers. The fare was four dollars, and the same sum for one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage. The New Line Industry left Paul's Hook (Jersey City) at four in the afternoon each day except Saturday, went the same night as far as Elizabeth Town, where the passengers lodged at Mr. Witts'; started the next morning at three, breakfasted at James Drake's in New Brunswick, and dined at Charles Bessonet's in Bristol. Fourteen pounds of baggage gratis. From New York to Greenwich a line of stages was established in 1816 for a shilling, the stage called for all passengers who had booked a seat in the morning.

The *Albany Gazette* advertised in 1807: "The North River steamboat will leave Paulus Hook on Friday at 9 A. M. and arrive in Albany on Saturday at 9 P. M. To Newburgh, three dollars, time, fourteen hours; Poughkeepsie, four dollars, in seventeen hours; Esopus, five dollars, in twenty hours; Hudson, five and one-half dollars, in thirty hours; Albany, seven dollars, in thirty-six hours." An Englishman, John Lambert, wrote in 1808:

> We were very desirous of seeing the construction of the steamboat, which travels at the rate of *five miles an hour against wind and tide*. It was built about four years ago. Her accommodations include fifty-two berths besides sofas. All the space unoccupied by the machinery is fitted up in a convenient and elegant manner. Her route between Albany and New York is a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, which she performs regularly, twice a week, sometimes in the short period of thirty-two hours. She carries from one hundred to two hundred people. The fare is seven dollars.

Only one hundred and twenty-eight steamboats were built from 1806 to 1820. When Fulton lost his monopoly rights, fares on the Hudson fell one-half. In 1818 the present service on the Sound was begun, between New York and New Haven first; and by 1830 there were eighty-six steamboats running regularly in New York waters. It was 1824 before there was a regular line between Boston and Eastern ports. Seventeen hours were required from Boston to Portland, and the fare was five dollars,

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including meals, only one-half of that charged upon the stage without any.

The magical story afterward is best recorded by extracts from Philip Hone's diary.

1828—We started in an extra stage for Boston from Albany. We gave seventy dollars for the coach to convey the party of seven persons to Boston. It took four days. 1834—Our latest advices from Liverpool are seventy-one days old; London, seventy-two; Paris, seventy-five. This has never happened before since the establishment of regular lines of American packets. When there were only British packets running between here and Liverpool, one leaving each post monthly, it happened on one occasion that the packets for December, January and February all arrived here the same day. Later—Our boat had three or four hundred passengers, and such a set of ragtag and bobtail I never saw on board a North River steamboat—the effect of the fifty-cent system. If people do not rise in their might and put a stop to the racing and the opposition, it will be better to return to the primitive mode of travelling in Albany sloops. Later—The President's message was in New York at two this morning, brought on by express in little more than twelve hours, two hundred and thirty miles. There is not one reader out of a hundred who would give sixpence to read the document four hours earlier; and it is said to have cost seven hundred dollars. 1835—We arrived at Buffalo in the canal-boat. Altogether I do not remember to have had so pleasant a ride on the canal. My hammock, to be sure, was rather narrow and not very soft, and my neighbour overhead packed close upon my stomach; but I did not wake until tapped on the shoulders by the boy and told to clear out. Later—The distance by railroad from Lowell to Boston is twenty-five miles. There is a prodigious degree of travelling on the road. They take seventy-five minutes to perform the distance, and the punctuality is astounding. [The first railroad in New England was the Boston and Worcester, May, 1834, running as far as Newton; July 8th to Needham; November 15th to Westborough; July 8th, 1835 to Worcester.] 1838—I was within half a minute of losing my chance this morning on the railroad cars. [He had left New York at 6.30 and reached Philadelphia at 1 P. M. the day before "by the admirable railroad go-ahead mode of travelling." To get the train for Baltimore one had to take the omnibus at Market Street at eight, and go to Grey's Ferry on the Schuylkill, from where the cars started on the new Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad, in operation about a week on February 15th, over nearly the old stage-coach route.] We got here at three o'clock, an hour later than usual in consequence of ice and snow on the tracks. But what a contrast is this to the old winter travelling over a detestable road and a dangerous ferry, and two days and a night consumed on the journey. The Susquehanna at Havre de Grace is crossed in a steamboat superior to anything yet produced in America. The passengers descend by a stairway into the floating palace, ascend on this side by another substantial staircase, resume their seats in the cars, having as it were by enchantment crossed this ferry which was formerly one of the greatest bugbears to travelling in the United States in the winter season. The cars are provided with stoves. The fare on this capital road is only four dollars. Later—The heart sickens and the pen falters in recording the dreadful disasters which occur almost daily in the steamboat navigation of the United States. I fear it will soon become doubtful whether Fulton's great invention will not prove a curse rather than a blessing. It certainly will unless measures are adopted to punish negligence and temerity and to insure safety by using necessary precautions. [These accidents were due to the recklessness of captains. Two years later he records some due to the recklessness of patrons. On the Harlem railroad a young man jumped from a car to recover his hat!] 1840—Travelling on the North River is cheaper than anything I know of except American shirtings at five cents a yard. The use of coal for steam navigation must inevitably become general. Passengers are conveyed one hundred and fifty miles in a vessel with every convenience and luxury, and get a good breakfast and dinner, all for two dollars. I wonder people do not live on board instead of going to the Astor House.

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Later—The good people of Boston are so delighted at the prospect of rivalling New York that they are in perfect ecstasies at the arrival of the steamship *Britannica,* and have made a glorification of my little friend Cunard, the enterprising proprietor of the line, of the most magnificent proportions. Later—This *England* is a noble, fast-sailing ship of seven hundred and thirty-one tons. [He had determined on July 11th to go abroad and engaged staterooms for the following Saturday, and took ship below Governor's Island.] The accommodations are excellent. The most abundant provision has been made, and every day we have had as good a table as the most fastidious gastronome could desire. A sheep and a pig were killed one evening, and plenty of poultry. [In the English Channel almost in sight of land, they met a calm. "Oh for a steamboat at such a time!" he writes. The passage was twenty-one days.] 1839—Events now pass like the shadows of a magic lantern. This gentleman left England on the *British Queen* only three days before we left home for Saratoga and came here this morning by the first train of cars. [That would make fourteen days.] This is certainly doing business in great style. The ship had head winds all the way. Her greatest distance in one day was two hundred and forty miles, the least one hundred and thirty miles. 1847—We came to Harrisburg by railroad. It is nothing more than a miserable collection of lawyers' offices and barber shops. We have determined as a choice of evils to go to-morrow to Pittsburgh by canal, although we shall be three nights on the voyage, in preference to one hundred and fifty miles of stage-travelling by Chambersburg. Later—This canal-travelling is pleasant enough in the day time, but the sleeping is awful. There are two cabins, in which the men-folk and the women-folk are separated by a red curtain. In the former apartment the sleepers are packed away on narrow shelves fastened to the sides of the boat, like dead pigs in a Cincinnati warehouse. We go to bed at nine and rise when we are told in the morning, for the bedsteads are formed of the seats and the tables. From Holidaysburg to Johnstown, thirty-six miles, there was a Portage railroad with five ascending and five descending planes. The voyage down the Ohio from Pittsburgh was pleasant with a fine boat, excellent fare, comfortable staterooms. From Frankfort to Louisville by stage, then boat to St. Louis. Here the Planter's House is one of those great hotels which astonish us in the great West.

LITERARY CONDITIONS AND PAYMENTS

Although Tom Paine lived in Greenwich Village and died there in 1809, literature may be said to have begun in New York with Irving in 1807. It was not, however, until 1820 that Irving commenced to attract attention abroad. But Grub Street was already a thoroughfare, especially in Boston. Listen to Peter Parley.

In 1826 every one thought Boston the Athens of America [and Boston herself admitted it]. A book with a Boston imprint meant something when the future publishers of New York were in the nursery. This was the beginning of the Age of Annuals. An abundant harvest of Diadems, Bijous, Pearls, Gems, Amethysts, Opals, Amaranths, Bouquets, Hyacinths, Amulets, Talismans, Forget-me-nots, Remember-mes. The effect of the circulation of such works as these, in creating and extending a taste for the arts and in their most exquisite forms, can only be appreciated by those who have examined them and reflected upon the subject. Four thousand volumes of one of these works at twelve dollars each were sold in a single season. Some of the engravings cost five hundred dollars and some of the poetry fifty dollars a page.

New York, however, soon joined in the race and outran Boston. In 1841 she was publishing one hundred periodicals, of which twelve were daily papers. Most of the papers cost ten dollars a year. Grub Street, always a quarrelsome and scornful locality, began to resound with fierce voices; but *place aux dames* was rather ostentatiously observed and demanded. "I am grieved to see the review of Mrs. Ware," wrote Ann S. Stephens in 1842. "She is a woman; and to such a poetic temperament brings its

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own curse without harsh criticism. The man who wrote that review should remember that a woman cannot strike back without unsexing herself." The most prominent monthlies in 1843 were the *Knickerbocker, Graham's, Lady's Book, Sargents'*, the *Pioneer*, the *Lady's Companion*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Graham wrote to Frances Osgood he would be happy to receive stories at twenty-five dollars and poetry at ten dollars; and Alice Cary told Greeley that she and her sister wrote alternately for *The National Era* every week for two dollars an article, but that they had several other engagements a trifle better. "Willis, I see," wrote J. H. Mancur, "is to be a regular contributor, a monopoliser of four magazines. Hamilton told me Willis drew twelve hundred dollars per annum from three periodicals. We may safely say that when he writes for Mr. Graham he will draw sixteen hundred dollars. Rating my merit at half the ability of Willis, I can only earn twenty-three dollars per month average—about two hundred and eighty dollars a year." But Mancur and other Grub Streeters of moderate ability were competing with the Print-Struck whose habitat is everywhere. The editor of the *Knickerbocker* thus expressed himself in 1843:

> Mr. Willis informs us that many of the American magazines pay to their most eminent contributors nearly three times the amount for a printed page that is paid by English magazines to the best writers; and he instances Godey and Graham paying often twelve dollars a page. This refers to a few principal writers only, for we have sent several acceptable correspondents to those publications who have received scarcely one-quarter of the sum mentioned. Mr. Willis adds, however, that many good writers write for nothing and that the number of clever writers has increased so much that there are thousands who can get no article accepted. All this is quite true. There is no magazine in America that has paid so large sums to distinguished native writers as the *Knickerbocker*. To the first poet in America we have repeatedly paid fifty dollars for a single poem, not exceeding in any instance two pages in length. Prose papers from sources of kindred eminence have in many numbers exceeded fifteen dollars a page. We should add, however, that we have had no lack of excellent articles at moderate prices; while many of our more popular papers have been entirely gratuitous.

Thoreau wrote the same year, "Even the little I write is more than will sell. I have tried the *Democratic Review*, the *New Mirror*, and *Brother Jonathan*. The last two, as well as the *New World*, are overwhelmed with contributions which cost nothing and are worth no more. The *Knickerbocker* is too poor, and only the *Lady's Companion* pays."

Furthermore English reprints abounded, and cost less than a copy of a magazine. Grant Thorburn, the homespun moralist, wrote in 1843:

> Cheap books have sprung up as strong auxiliaries to temperance societies. I have been told by day-labourers and mechanics that when they first took the pledge their greatest difficulty was how to kill time at night. They had been in the habit after supper of adjourning to some tavern to read the newspaper, drink two pints of beer, smoke two Spanish segars, and sometimes staying till twelve. Thus they spent one dollar and thirty-one cents per week (for some of them put the Sabbath evenings in their catalogues), making sixty-eight dollars and twelve and one-half cents per annum—more than it cost me to keep my wife when I was first married, forty-six years ago. Now when they come home at night, they find on the mantelpiece a newspaper for a cent and a book for twenty-five cents, which cost thirty shillings in London. Indeed, they can buy as many books for ten shillings sixpence, only one week's beer score, as will keep them in reading for a twelvemonth.

In 1849 Poe, then at the height of his short heyday, wrote to Lowell: "I have only to keep my spirits up to get out of all my pecuniary troubles. The least price I get is five dollars a page, and I can easily average one and one-half pages

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per day—that is, seven dollars and a half." By 1855 the number of periodicals published in New York had a little more than doubled. There were now two hundred and three, with just the same number of dailies as in 1841. The literary market had widened in another direction also. Scribes by day had become lecturers by night. In 1849 Poe wrote: "Everybody says that if I lecture again and put the tickets at fifty cents I will clear one hundred dollars. I never was received with so much enthusiasm. I lectured at Norfolk and cleared enough to settle my bill at the Madison House [Richmond] and two dollars over." Set against this, ye who blush unduly at the memory of pirated editions, the ninety-five thousand dollars that Dickens cleared on his American tour. Parton gives an interesting list of lecture receipts from the ledger of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. in 1854. E. P. Whipple, seventy-nine dollars; Horace Mann, ninety-five dollars; George W. Curtis, eighty-seven dollars; Horace Greeley, one hundred and ninety-three dollars; Theodore Parker, one hundred and twelve dollars; R. W. Emerson, thirty-seven dollars (query, did it rain?); Bishop Potter, forty-five dollars; J. G. Saxe, one hundred and thirty-five dollars; Bayard Taylor, two hundred and fifty-two dollars.

POE AND VIRGINIA

Poe's father by adoption took him from Richmond at the age of six to a suburb of London and there put him to school. He went over by a ship which lay in the James River, and he paid twelve shillings for boatage of his baggage. For Edgar's instruction on the voyage he purchased one Olive Branch, one Murray's Reader, and two Murray's Spelling Books for sixteen shillings sixpence. Returning, the boy was sent to school, and then, in 1826, to the University of Virginia. Five years later he was living with his own father's sister, Mrs. Clemm, in the upper story of a small dwelling in Baltimore, where she took in sewing. He sold some Tales to an annual for one dollar a page; and when he left Baltimore for Richmond he had already published some of his best tales. In Richmond he entered a magazine office as assistant at a salary of ten dollars a week. In 1836, he wrote that besides his salary of five hundred and twenty dollars a year, he was paid liberally for extra work—so that he received nearly eight hundred dollars, and next year he was to get one thousand dollars. To George Poe he wrote:

> The charge per week for our board (Mrs. Clemm's, her daughter's and my own) is nine dollars. If Mrs. Clemm could obtain the means of opening, herself, a boarding-house, she could support herself and daughter comfortably, with something to spare. Many of the widows of our first people are engaged in it and find it profitable. I am willing to advance for my own part one hundred dollars, and I believe that Wm. and R. Poe will advance one hundred dollars. If you would so far aid her in her design as to loan her yourself one hundred dollars, she will have sufficient to commence with.

The house appears never to have been opened. Virginia, slightly under fourteen, and he at twenty-seven, were married before their fellow-boarders, and Mrs. Clemm treated the household with cake and wine. In June, 1836, he wrote that he was making fifteen dollars a week. But suddenly his editorial connection ended, and by slow stages through Baltimore and Philadelphia he made his way to New York. At first his main income there seems to have been derived from Mrs. Clemm's keeping boarders. From 1837 to 1839 he did hack-work. A Pittsburgh review offered him four dollars a page for critical work, but it died as soon as it was born. He had a short editorial connection with the *Gentleman's Magazine,* which paid him fifty dollars for an average of eleven pages. "The magazine," said he, in remonstrance for the way he had been treated, paid three dollars a page, so that the seventeen dollars re-

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maining for the services of proof-reading, superintendence, editorial work, etc., was not a large salary. Snowden pays his editresses two dollars a week each, for their names solely." When they lived on the outskirts of Philadelphia in a rose-covered cottage (Mayne Reid says it was a lean-to of three rooms of painted plank construction, and at times one room was rented to a boarder), Mrs. Clemm and Virginia took in needlework. During this period he contributed every month to *Graham's Magazine*. Lowell, intending to start a new periodical in Boston, wrote to him: "I can offer you ten dollars for every article, and as soon as I am able I shall pay you more. Hawthorne writes for five dollars a page." Five years later he established himself in New York again. He wrote to Mrs. Clemm:

Had to pay a boy a levy to put the trunks in the baggage car. Started at seven and arrived at nearly three. We went in the cars to Amboy, about forty miles from New York and then took the steamboat. I left Sissy [Virginia] on board the boat, after putting the trunks in the Ladies' Cabin, and set off to buy an umbrella and look for a boarding house. I met a man selling umbrellas and bought one for twenty-five cents. Then I went up to Greenwich Street and soon found a boarding-house. The house is old and looks buggy. ——— the cheapest board I ever knew, taking into consideration the central situation and the living. [Where the dash comes, there is a gap caused by the cutting out of the signature on the other side of the page. It probably deprives us of the exact price he paid. Oh, the difficulties in the way of getting at the cost of living!] Last night for supper we had the nicest tea you ever drank, strong and hot—wheat bread and rye bread, cheese, tea-cakes (elegant), a great dish (two dishes) of elegant ham and two of cold veal, piled up like a mountain and large slices—three dishes of the cakes and everything in profusion. The landlady seems as if she couldn't press us enough, and we were at home directly. There are eight or ten boarders, two servants. For breakfast we had excellent flavoured coffee, hot and strong—not very clear and no great deal of cream—veal cutlets, elegant ham and eggs, and nice bread and butter. I never sat down to a more plentiful or a nicer breakfast. I wish you could have seen the eggs—and the great dishes of meat. Sis is delighted, and we are both in excellent spirits. She is now busy mending my pants, which I tore upon a nail. We have now got four dollars and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try and borrow three dollars, so that I may have a fortnight to go upon.

This last sentence may hold some hint as to the price of board which that vandal has so ruthlessly deprived us of. The whole letter is the shout of a hungry man in unfamiliar clover, and it must have made long-sacrificing Mrs. Clemm hungrier to read it. Later in this year 1844—when he was working on the *Evening Mirror* under Willis—he moved to what is now between Broadway and West End Avenue on Eighty-fourth Street. This was at Blooming dale, which a guide book of 1846 describes as a remarkably neat village five miles above the City Hall.

The cottage to which he retired in the Spring of 1846, says Mr. Woodberry, although at the best a mean dwelling, was the pleasantest retreat he had ever known. It was a one-story and a half house at the top of Fordham Hill. On the ground floor were kitchen and sitting-room—two bedrooms above, the larger low and cramped, the smaller a closet. "So neat, so poor, so unfurnished, so charming a dwelling I never saw," wrote Mrs. Gove. And later of Mrs. Poe's death-bed. "There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold. She was wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her arms. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

A piteous story! And yet one may not but recall that Mr. Allan who, ac-

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cording to the master of Stoke-Newington, spoilt the boy with an extravagant amount of pocket-money, refused to pay his gambling losses of twenty-five hundred dollars in his short period at the University, where he drank much beyond his allowance; that as cadet at West Point he neglected his duties and was dismissed; that he lost position after position on account of intemperance. Nor can one forget that when he found nothing to do, Mrs. Clemm turned her hands to one thing after another for the family support—her motto being, *anything* to help along. It is interesting, in this connection, to read the letter Thoreau wrote Greeley in 1848.

> For more than two years past I have lived alone in the woods, in a good plastered and shingled house entirely of my own building, earning only what I wanted and sticking to my proper work. The fact is man need not live by the sweat of his brow unless he sweats easier than I do—he needs so little. For two years and two months all my expenses have amounted to but twenty-seven cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects. Scholars are apt to think themselves privileged to complain, as if their lot was a peculiarly hard one. How much have we heard about the attainment of knowledge under difficulties, of poets starving in garrets, depending on the patronage of the wealthy, and finally dying mad. It is time men sang another song. There is no reason why the scholar who professes to be a little wiser than the mass of men should not do his work in the ditch occasionally, and by means of his superior wisdom make much less suffice him. A wise man will not be unfortunate. How then would you know but he was a fool?

An extreme opinion and of extraordinary circumstances, doubtless! But glance through the long history of Grub Street and see how much truth lies at the bottom of it.

JANE AUSTEN AND HER FRIENDS*

BY EDWARD FULLER

Nothing would have amazed Jane Austen more than to be told that a century after her death she would have a far wider audience than she ever had in her life, that her letters would be thought worth publishing, and that some dozen biographies of her, to say nothing of innumerable magazine articles, would have been written. She was not insensible of her own merits as a novelist. "I must confess," she says of Elizabeth Bennet, "that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least I do not know." Although her first published novel was ascribed on the title-page merely to "A Lady," and she never sought for fame in the modern meaning of the word, she took pleasure in the commendations of relatives and friends and obviously enjoyed the reputation for cleverness which these conferred upon her. Trollope said that after he had killed Mrs. Proudie he lived much with her ghost. Miss Austen's characters were equally real to her. It has been recorded by members of her family that she would occasionally tell them what happened in the "afterwards" which the reader could not penetrate. The classic example of this is the admission that the "considerable sum" which Mrs. Norris gave to William Price was one pound. But with all this lively interest in her work she was no egotist. She never pretended to genius, and she asked for no special privileges, not even a study of her own. She wrote, as Mrs.

*Jane Austen: Her Life and Letters. A Family Record. By William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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Oliphant tells us she herself did, in the general sitting-room, "liable," in the words of her latest biographers, "at any moment to be interrupted by servants, children or visitors—to none of whom had been entrusted the secret of her authorship. Her small sheets of paper could easily be put away or covered with blotting-paper, whenever the creaking swing-door (which she valued for that reason) gave notice that any one was coming."

Such was the unpretentious origin of the novels which are among the very richest treasures of English literature. "Jane Austen lived in entire seclusion from the literary world," says her nephew, Mr. Austen-Leigh, the author of the *Memoir* published in 1870, which was the first authentic account of her given to the world; "neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equalled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions. Whatever she produced was a genuine home-made article." The wind bloweth where it listeth, and genius takes its own course. We need not lament the comparative obscurity in which Jane Austen's life was passed. What we do know of her is all to her credit; and we could not love her more if we knew more. The present volume, by the son and grandson of the author of the *Memoir,* aims to supplement that one first-hand account from later additions to the stock of information. The letters from Jane to her sister Cassandra, edited by Lord Brabourne, are perhaps the most important of these, even if in style and subject they are somewhat disappointing. Mr. Oscar Fay Adams made many careful investigations before he wrote *The Story of Jane Austen.* But the volume of all others which seems to us at once the most sympathetic and the most illumining is Miss Constance Hill's *Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends.* It was written from the point of view of a pilgrim to "Austen Land," and the charming illustrations by Miss Ellen G. Hill convey to the eye a vivid impression of the surviving memorials of Jane's life. Many quotations from the letters are included in the narrative, and the atmosphere of the time is caught as by no other writer. The authors of the new biography have referred to it freely. Another volume which deserves especial mention is Mr. W. H. Helm's *Jane Austen and Her Country House Comedy,* though this is largely devoted to criticism of the novels.

The authors of this latest and fullest biography say with truth that they remove some misconceptions, lay new facts before the reader, and place old ones in a fresh light. But, frankly, we wish they had not been so dull. The details concerning all Jane Austen's relatives might well have been spared, and the chapter on "Warren Hastings and the Hancocks" is only remotely connected with her life. It is unfortunate that Cassandra Austen destroyed so many of her sister's letters, particularly those revealing the inner life of the writer. Some of those that remained were published in the original *Memoir,* with a warning not to expect too much from them. "The style," Mr. J. E. Austen-Leigh says, "is always clear, and generally animated, while a vein of humour continually gleams through the whole; but the materials may be thought inferior to the execution, for they treat only of the details of domestic life." As a means of carrying forward the narrative, which is the use made of them in these pages, they are more or less unsatisfactory. Where direct evidence is so often lacking indirect is of course essential. The warmest admirer of Jane Austen, however, could spare much that the authors include. "I am very glad you liked my lace." "My uncle is still in his flannels, but is getting better again." "It was not possible for me to get the worsteds yesterday." Why afflict us with such trivialities as these? There is also too much mere surmise on

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doubtful or unknown circumstances. Jane "must have thought" this, or "must have done" that, or "no doubt" went here or there. Speculations of the sort confuse rather than enlighten.

The author of *Pride and Prejudice* was the last person to be associated with dulness. Her life was quiet, but that does not mean it was uninteresting. The first twenty-five years of it were spent in the rectory at Steventon, with occasional visits to Bath and Godmersham. Then the family moved to Bath, and after her father's death in 1805, to Southampton. In 1809 Mrs. Austen and her daughters settled at Chawton, where the rest of Jane's too brief time on earth was spent, until, two months before her death, she went to Winchester to be near the physician who was attending her. The story that she paid a visit to the Continent is obviously untrue. Indeed, the record of her travels is contained in her novels. The environment in which she places her characters is almost always that which she has known herself. She has, too, the gift, denied even to some great novelists, of associating her characters very closely with their environment. Who could go to Bath and not think of Anne Elliot and Captain Wentworth? Or to Lyme and not expect to meet the Musgroves and Captain Harville. It is said that when Tennyson visited Lyme he indignantly refused to be shown the reputed landing-place of the Duke of Monmouth. "Damn the Duke of Monmouth!" he said. "Show me the spot where Louisa Musgrove fell." The expletive is more characteristic of the poet than the "Don't talk to me" in the version quoted by Miss Hill. It is in *Persuasion,* we think, that the note of personal interest is strongest. Is the reason for this to be found in the fact that in Anne Elliot the author more nearly revealed herself than in any other character?

That might well be the case. She had, it is true, many of the qualities of her dear Elizabeth Bennet. We agree with the late Andrew Lang that no man selecting "a literary harem" could possibly leave out these two; and if one had to choose absolutely between them it would be hard to decide. But there is a softer, perhaps a humaner, touch to Anne that greatly endears her to us. That Miss Austen wrote of disappointment in love out of personal experience must now be admitted, though Leslie Stephen observes that "there is no indication of any serious disturbance of her habitual serenity." She was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve, or to allow the bitterest grief to cloud forever a nature essentially cheerful. But the proof that she suffered some declension of spirits through the sudden death of one who had at least all but won her heart is sufficiently convincing. The story is first told by Jane's niece Caroline, who gives Cassandra Austen, Jane's sister and bosom friend, as authority. What better evidence could be asked? There is a further circumstance to support it. Three of her novels were written before she was twenty-five. After that some ten years intervened before she wrote the other three. What was the reason for this long idleness? The first novel to see the light of print, to be sure, was *Sense and Sensibility,* in 1811, although *Northanger Abbey* had been disposed of, but not published, eight years before. Did Miss Austen cease writing simply from discouragement, and was it her final appearance between covers which moved her to undertake *Mansfield Park, Emma,* and *Persuasion?* Possibly. Yet the evident pleasure she took in the mere occupation of writing suggests at least a contributing cause. And is there not in the last three novels a note that is lacking even in *Pride and Prejudice?* No reader of *Persuasion,* her last novel, will refuse to believe that death overtook her in the very flower of her genius.

Jane Austen is emphatically one of the writers who excites a deep personal interest. One of the least subjective of novelists, we nevertheless feel in the printed page some part of the charm which she exercised in the flesh. "She retained to the end," we are told, "her freshness and humour, her sympathy with the young." "Aunt Jane" was the idol

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of her nephews and nieces. She remembered the days of her own youth and could enter eagerly into their feelings. Quiet, even demure, as she might have been, she was not a prig or a prude. Her letters as a young girl might have been written by Elizabeth Bennet herself. Thus in telling her sister about a ball she says:

> You scold me so much in the nice long letter which I have this moment received from you, that I am almost afraid to tell you how my Irish friend and I behaved. Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together. I *can* expose myself, however, only *once more,* because he leaves the country soon after next Friday, on which day we *are* to have a dance at Ashe after all.
>
> At length the day is come on which I am to flirt my last with Tom Lefroy, and when you receive this it will be over. My tears flow as I write at the melancholy idea.

Much has been said about the conventions which obtained in Jane Austen's day, and the restrictions which hedged in young girls. Yet we do not find, either in her novels or in her letters, any indication of unbearable social tyranny. Five young women would hardly have greater freedom in their intercourse with men in our own time than the Misses Bennet had, and Emma Woodhouse is quite as forthputting as any modern young woman with the same self-confidence. Fanny Price, of course, is quite another sort. Miss Austen compels herself to be nice to Fanny, but she is really much more interested in Mrs. Norris. She wrote part of *Mansfield Park*, apparently, at Godmersham. "Aunt Jane," as the testimony of her niece, Marianne Knight, quoted by Miss Hill, informs us, "would sit very quietly at work beside the fire in the Godmersham library, then suddenly burst out laughing, jump up, cross the room to a distant table with papers lying upon it, write something down, returning presently and sitting down quietly to her work again." The younger girls would often hear peals of laughter from the elder girls in Aunt Jane's room, when she read to them. *Emma* followed quickly upon the heels of *Mansfield Park;* it was written in a little over a year—a rapid rate of composition considering the constant interruptions of family life. The author seems to have liked Emma next to Elizabeth, though she expected that no one else would like her. The writers of the present biography called *Emma* the most "Austenish" of all the novels, and say that it appeals "more exclusively than any of the others to an inner circle of admirers." Possibly; but there are devout Janeans who would put it no higher than third on the list. But the character of Mrs. Bates alone would make it memorable. In this case, too, the author told her friends more than she told her readers. Thus the word swept aside unread by Jane Fairfax was "pardon," and the exclusion of the Knightleys from Donwell was ended in two years by the death of Mr. Woodhouse.

One of the curious episodes in Miss Austen's career, one too familiar to be dwelt upon here, was the interest her novels aroused in the Prince Regent, who, in the words of his librarian, had read and admired them all, and was desirous of having some future volume dedicated to him. The conjunction seems to us incongruous, though the honour was of course regarded as very great at that time. Yet there is nothing strange, after all, in George's liking. Many a man has admired goodness with no desire to imitate it; and even a selfish and unprincipled rake may have a good deal of superficial sensibility. It is curious, however, that this attention was practically all the public recognition a woman of genius obtained during her lifetime. When her fame first drew visitors to ask for her grave in Winchester cathedral the verger could not understand that she was "any one in particlar." This would not have distressed her; she always shrank from notoriety; and in spite of her lively interest in her work she would not discuss it outside of

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her own family, or allow her name to appear on a title-page. Such an attitude seems hardly consistent with her quiet tenacity in other matters; but consistency is sometimes not a jewel, but paste.

Miss Austen's health began to fail in 1816; it is said that her devoted care of one of her brothers when he was ill made too great inroads upon her physical strength. The picture of her later days is not a sad one, despite the regret one must feel that she was cut off in the very prime of life and power. She bore everything with cheerful heroism and up to the last had none of the usual selfishness of the invalid. How far she believed that she was doomed it is difficult to discover; she was quite capable of assuming, for her mother's and sister's sake, a confidence she did not feel. In a letter to her nephew Edward, one of the last she wrote, she says:

"I will not boast of my handwriting; neither that nor my face have yet recovered their proper beauty, but in other respects I am gaining strength very fast. I am now out of bed from 9 in the morning to 10 at night; upon the sopha, 'tis true, but I eat my meals with Aunt Cass in a rational way, and can employ myself, and walk from one room to another. Mr. Lyford says he will cure me, and if he fails, I shall draw up a memorial and lay it before the Dean and Chapter, and have no doubt of redress from that pious, learned, and disinterested body.

Brave and tender, cheerful and thoughtful to the last, the gracious figure passed from earth. Jane Austen might have won from her thousands of readers the admiration due to her genius without the affection due to her personality. Those who love her novels with a devotion such as they pay to none others but Thackeray's may well rejoice at the revelation of her which at last seems full and complete. We wish that her latest biographers might have had a lighter touch, because their book as a whole hardly does justice to the qualities which have made her so vividly alive a century after her death. Nevertheless, there is much in it we are glad to have; and the work has been done in a spirit of reverence and good taste which more biographers might imitate to advantage.

BIG MOMENTS IN FICTION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THERE are, of course, for each and every reader, certain favourite novels which are remembered more or less in detail from first to last. But there are others which have well-nigh faded from the memory, and the very names of which would mean nothing, if it were not for some one crucial scene, some startling climax that refuses to be forgotten. For example, how much of *Robinson Crusoe* do we retain from childhood, beyond the imprint of the feet upon the sand? Jules Verne still lingers through the mist of years mainly in the form of just a few of these big moments. In *The Mysterious Island* there is the moment where the castaways upon this supposedly uninhabited island discover that the wild duck they have snared contains a pellet of lead; and in *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* there is the moment where the raft, rushing through subterranean channels, is found to be borne upward, not by water but by molten lava. To the present writer, Gaboriau's *File No. 113* has become a mere name save for the one phrase flung by the banker to his jealous mistress, the phrase that contains the key to the whole mystery, "It

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is your name that guards the secret of my safe!" It was a similar memory of a single line, "The girl still held the dead man's hand, and she was laughing merrily," that led to a second reading, after the lapse of a quarter-century, of William Black's *Madcap Violet*,—the volume which, out of all his writings, can least afford to be neglected. And the list might be extended indefinitely: recognised masterpieces, rampant melodramas, best sellers of the hour, are all alike remembered chiefly for their big moments. Utter the names *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond* in a miscellaneous gathering of a dozen people, and then ask each one to tell you honestly what was the first image brought before them by these names. You will find that the majority will answer respectively, "the scene in which Rawdon Crawley tears the jewels from his wife and flings them in the face of the prostrate Marquis," and "the scene of the duel between Esmond and the Pretender, when Beatrix says, between clenched teeth, "Cousin, if I did not care for you before, think how I love you now!" And to turn again to more ephemeral examples, you may forget all the rest of Ouida's *Under Two Flags,* but you must still remember Cigarette, "Child of the army and soldier of France," flinging herself as a human screen before the rain of bullets, to save the man whose pardon she brings with her. You may forget all the rest of Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Potter of Texas,* but you must remember the wonderful single-handed siege in the upper story of a Moslem house, in which, by means of a thick oaken door drilled full of holes and plugged with cartridges, a man armed only with a hammer, rakes the main staircase with a deadly fire, slaying his scores and hundreds and saving himself and the woman with him.

It is obvious, from the foregoing random examples, that these episodes which we have elected to designate the Big Moments in fiction differ vastly among themselves both in kind and in degree. They may be mere extraneous episodes, of no structural import and dragged in solely for spectacular effect; or they may form the logical, inevitable climax of the whole drama, like Othello's murder of Desdemona, or Achilles dragging the body of Hector around the walls of Troy; they may be purely psychological, depending upon the utterance of the one unerringly right word; or they may depend upon some real or pseudo-scientific physical phenomenon, like the chemical change in H. G. Wells's *Invisible Man,* in consequence of which the man becomes visible after death. It may, and indeed frequently does happen that novels of considerable ability have practically no big moments; and the reason for this is very simple: fiction of a certain fair average of quality and interest may be produced by sheer dogged industry and a carefully learned technique; but the really big moments of fiction cannot be produced by even the most finished craftsmanship; they are the product of sheer inspiration, luminous and magical flashes of genius unforeseen by the author himself, who often marvels more than any of his readers ever will as to how the thing was achieved. It is the art of these Big Moments that cannot and never will be taught. There is a cheap, mechanical substitute for them, popularly known among magazine editors as "a story with a kick at the end." But this type of spurious Big Moment differs from the genuine article precisely in the significant fact that it can be taught sufficiently for commercial purposes, even through the medium of correspondence schools. It consists frequently in the mere application of a familiar formula. O. Henry would easily furnish six or eight serviceable little working rules:—but if you want to read stories with a real "kick at the end," a kick that refuses to be reduced to formula, because it is born of genius and not of Arts and Crafts, you must turn to stories of a different calibre, stories, for instance, by such a master of the art as Ambrose Bierce.

It is one of the unfair elements of

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criticism that the Big Moments in fiction do not receive their fair proportion of recognition from the professional reviewer. He trains himself to see a work as a whole and to judge it, not by its high lights, but by the artistic proportions and adjustments of light and shadow together. A big scene occurring in the right place interests him solely as a fitting climax, a proper rounding out of the whole development; a big scene that is not structurally justified offends him as being an artistic blunder. But to the general public, the Big Moment is the thing to be remembered, whether it occurs in fact or in fiction. Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, Napoleon returning from Elba, Lincoln signing the Emancipation, these to the public mind, are visible, luminous beacons of historic progress; while to the scientific historian such events are not causes but effects, not so much the forerunners of great changes but the results following inevitably upon changes that have already taken place. The general public, however, will probably always retain and pass on a fragmentary historical knowledge by the help of spectacular Big Moments,—and in the same way it will continue unintentionally and unconsciously to advertise its favourite books on the strength of one or two unforgettable scenes. *Les Trois Mousquetaires* has been called the greatest epic on friendship in modern fiction. But when two or three votaries of Dumas the father chanced to gather together, of an evening, over a friendly glass, did you ever happen to hear the conversation turn upon the ethics of friendship's obligations and privileges? No, it was always a quick, excited interchange of reminiscences: "Do you remember the great duel between D'Artagnan and the three mousquetaires?"—"Yes, and how it was interrupted by the Cardinal's guards?"—"And how the King asked Richelieu, 'My dear Cardinal, how is your poor Jussac to-day, and your poor Bernajeux?"—"And the mad ride to London, for the Queen's jewels?"—"And Athos, besieged in the cellar of the inn, drinking and wasting whole hogsheads of priceless wine?"—"And the Executioner of Lille?"—"And the death of Milady de Winter?"—"And the biggest moment of them all, when D'Artagnan checkmates Richelieu with his own written authority, 'It is by my order and for the good of the State that the bearer of this paper has done what he has done'?" Yes, a noble theme and a trained technique may carry a book a long way toward success, but it is through their Big Moments that just a few novels achieve immortality.

"THE HEART OF THE HILLS"

It follows that a good way to estimate a book's chances of popularity is to judge it by its relatively big moments, provided of course that it has any at all. And for this purpose the latest novel by Mr. John Fox, Jr., *The Heart of the Hills,* affords us a convenient opportunity. The present reviewer must plead guilty of having in the past often failed to give this author his just due. We all have our prejudices of geography and race; and an inability to find anything of interest in the ignorant, vindictive, half-savage native of the Cumberland Mountains is a purely personal matter which may or may not be exceptional. But considered without regard for the special material with which he happens to deal, Mr. Fox is one of the few true artists among the younger makers of American fiction. His people are not characters in a book; they are living actualities. His background is not a picturesque stage setting; it is a section of the country he knows best, torn bodily from its mountain fastnesses and flung before us in all its primitive ruggedness. There is no better or finer formula for any maker of fiction than that which Mr. Fox has always faithfully followed: namely, to confine himself to the people and scenes that he knows best, and while securing the utmost picturesqueness and diversity of local colour and local eccentricities, to deal at the same time with themes that are not local, but as wide as humanity

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itself. It takes a rare artistry to strike a nice balance between these two vastly different and yet not conflicting purposes: to interpret to the reader the manners and customs of an isolated community, to make him keenly conscious of its differences, and yet, at the same time, to make him feel, in spite of these differences, its kinship with the world at large. It is so easy to fail to keep this balance, so easy either to become absorbed in the big ethical problem behind the story as to do the local colour scant justice, or else to dwell so intently upon the minute details of local customs and habits that the reader comes to look upon the characters as belonging to an alien race of beings, whose ways of thought it is idle to try to grasp. Mr. Fox's chief title to recognition lies first of all in his ability to maintain this balance,—an ability comparable to that of Mr. Eden Phillpotts for Dartmoor, or of Miss Ellen Glasgow for her chosen section of our South.

As for the specific plots of Mr. Fox's novels, it must be admitted that they are somewhat lacking in versatility. Ignorance and prejudice, the lawless lust of personal vengeance, the primitive view of the point of honour that entails a burden of bloodshed upon unnumbered generations of hostile clans,—all these elements enter into *The Heart of the Hills,* just as they entered into many an earlier volume, from *A Cumberland Vendetta* downward. Mr. Fox is always so keenly interested in his personages as individuals that it is difficult, indeed almost venturesome to attempt to identify his main underlying idea. Yet in the present volume what he seems to say is this: That, underneath their ignorance and lawlessness, the Cumberland mountaineers possess big human qualities that, with proper opportunities, would enroll them among the finest peoples upon earth; that just a few years of education and of contact with the fine aristocracy of the Blue-Grass region suffice to readjust their whole prospective of life, to send them home with new standards and new ideals, yet with a keener sense than ever that they belong to the mountains, and not to the plains, and that no lasting happiness can come through mating with an alien race. This general doctrine Mr. Fox works out with a commendable economy of means, through the development of just four young people, two girls and two boys. For half a century there has been a feud between the Hawns and the Honeycutts; and Jason Hawn's father complicated matters by taking a wife from the Honeycutt clan,—a tangle made all the worse when, after his father was shot down from an ambush, his Honeycutt mother once again married a Hawn, Steve, the ne'er-do-well father to Jason's cousin Mavis. It was Steve who, for purposes of his own, persuaded Jason's mother to sell to Colonel Pendleton, from the Blue-Grass region, Jason's birthright to the land on which he was born, with its priceless veins of hidden coal; it was Steve who, fearing the hostility of Hawn and Honeycutt alike, fled from the mountains with his family, and unintentionally gave the boy and girl an opportunty for education, at the same time throwing them in contact with the Colonel's son and niece, Gray and Marjorie Pendleton; and it was also Steve,—although the knowledge of this came to Jason much later,—who was the murderer of Jason's father, the man whom Jason in childhood had taken a solemn oath to kill. How Jason and Mavis acquired their education; how for a time he believed that he loved Marjorie Pendleton and Mavis thought that she had lost her heart to Gray; how Jason kept his oath of vengeance without shame or the transgression of the law; how he played a leading part in a great political crisis; and how finally he and Mavis find contentment in the heart of their native hills, are a few of the threads that are interwoven in the making of this story. But before taking leave of it, there is just one scene, one unquestionably Big Moment, which demands specific mention. A political crisis has inflamed the whole State of Kentucky to the point of anarchy. There is a day of tremendous

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dramatic import at the little capital of the State, where hordes of mountaineers had gathered, intent on righting their wrongs, and obtain by force, if necessary, the legislative majority of which they had been robbed by ballot-box frauds. Conspicuous among the excited throng is a certain politician, the admitted autocrat of the State. And suddenly a rifle cracks, a puff of smoke floats from a certain window, and the autocrat falls dead upon the pavement. Suspicion falls upon Jason, and he is finally hunted down at his grandfather's mountain home. With stoic calm, the old man surrenders the boy, believing in his innocence, and wishing the vindication of a jury. But suddenly a thought occurs to him, and he asks how large a reward Jason's two captors are to receive. The whole State is aflame with passion, and the reward is proportionately high, "for the capture and conviction of the murderer, one hundred thousand dollars." Under pretext of lighting his pipe, the old man with amazing swiftness whips two revolvers from the mantelpiece and quietly says, "Hands up, men!" to the astounded captors, and bids Jason take to his heels. And when the boy has gained a safe head start, the grandfather deigns to explain his change of policy:

> Fer a mule, a Winchester, and a hundred dollars, I can git most any man in this country killed. Fer a thousand I reckon I could git hit proved that I had stole a side o' bacon or a hoss. Fer a hundred thousand I could git hit proved that the President of these United States killed that feller—an' human natur' is about the same, I reckon, ever'whar. You don't git no grandson o' mine when thar's a bunch o' greenbacks like that tied to the rope that's a-pinin' to hang him.

"O PIONEERS"

O Pioneers, by Willa Sibert Cather, is quite as local in theme and in characters as any volume that Mr. Fox ever wrote. It is a study of the struggles and privations of the foreign emigrant in the herculean task of subduing the untamed prairie land of the Far West and making it yield something more than a starvation income. Miss Cather has an unquestioned gift of observation, a keen eye for minute details and an instinctive perception of their relative significance. Every character and every incident in this slow-moving and frankly depressing tale give the impression of having been acquired directly through personal contact, and reproduced almost with the fidelity of a kodak picture or a graphonola record. And yet the net result strikes one, on second thought, as rather futile. The story opens practically at the deathbed of a middle-aged Swede, prematurely worn out with his vain struggle against inclement weather, the failure of crops and the burden of mortgages. He leaves behind him some incompetent sons and one splendid, dauntless amazon of a daughter, Alexandra, who dedicated her youth and strength and beauty to the hopeless drudgery of carrying on the task that had slain her father. We get brief glimpses of her early blunders and discouragements; the grudging help and secret antagonism of her brothers, and the departure of her young neighbour, who, although a lad several years her junior, was the only person who gave her sympathy. Now, the story of how Alexandra fought her battle and won it might have been well worth the telling; but this is precisely the part of her history which Miss Cather has neglected to chronicle. Instead, she has passed over it in leaps and bounds, and when we once more meet Alexandra, it is in the midst of prosperity, with all her brothers save the youngest happily married, her land increased by hundreds of acres, all yielding fabulous harvests, and Alexandra herself on the threshold of her fortieth year, and, with all her success, keenly conscious of the emptiness of her life, the craving for the love of husband and of children. Of course, it requires no keen guess-work to foresee that the young neighbour of her youth will ultimately return and the discrepancy of their ages will be forgotten. But somehow the reader cannot bring himself to

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care keenly whether the young neighbour returns or not, whether Alexandra is eventually happy or not,—whether, indeed, the farm itself prospers or not. The conscious effort required to read to a finish is something like the voluntary pinch that you give yourself in church during an especially somnolent sermon. The book does have its one big moment; but it is due to an incident that lies outside of the main thread of the story. Alexandra's youngest brother falls in love with Marie Shabata, the wife of a big, hot-tempered Bohemian; and one night the two forget discretion and are found in the orchard by the infuriated husband, who wreaks prompt vengeance. The swift, sharp picture which follows has a touch of Maupassant in it.

He did not see anything while he was firing. He thought he heard a cry simultaneously with the second report, but he was not sure. He peered again through the hedge, at the two dark figures under the tree. They had fallen a little apart from each other, and were perfectly still—no, not quite; in a white patch of light, where the moon shone through the branches, a man's hand was plucking spasmodically at the grass.

But this incident, perfect as it is by itself, lies outside the main story, outside the history of the conquest of prairie land. And for that matter, the whole volume is loosely constructed, a series of separate scenes with so slight cohesion that a rude touch might almost be expected to shatter it.

"THE SCARLET RIDER"

It is more than a decade since Miss Bertha Runkle sprang into notice with *The Helmet of Navarre,* a sword and buckler novel which, in view of the author's youth, possessed a certain degree of precocious cleverness. With just one exception, *The Truth about Tolna,* which was a present-day story, dealing with artistic and musical circles, Miss Runkle has not since been heard from until now, when she reappears with a second semi-historical novel, *The Scarlet Rider.* The scene of this new story is the Isle of Wight, the date is the period of the American Revolution, and the centre of interest is an aristocratic but impoverished family in which the title, in the absence of male heirs, will descend to the beautiful but headstrong and undisciplined daughter, who has been left to bring herself up as best she could. Her unhappy, neglected and invalid mother seldom leaves her own chamber; while her dissolute, spendthrift father is for the most part away from home, engaged in diversions of which drinking and gaming form the mildest elements. At the opening of the story, the whole neighbourhood is in a turmoil concerning a certain audacious highwayman, known only as the Scarlet Rider, who has been terrorising all the southern coast of England. Consequently, when Lettice, the madcap daughter of Lord Yarracombe, finds a handsome young stranger hiding behind a chest in a cobwebbed room of the old house, it is only natural that she should leap to the conclusion that he is the highwayman in question, and quite in keeping with her adventurous spirit that she should seek to shield him by letting him masquerade as the new assistant butler. The situation is well developed and the whole tone of the narrative has a well-sustained lightness, with just a hint of tragedy lurking beneath the surface. It also contains the promise of at least one big moment, namely, that of the revelation of the Scarlet Rider's identity, when the young stranger will be shown to be nothing more lawless than an American naval officer, an escaping prisoner of war; while the Scarlet Rider turns out to be some one far more closely connected with the heroine's household and fortunes. But the one little fact which robs this moment of its promised bigness is that the secret of the story is far too transparent. It takes no special cleverness to discover the Scarlet Rider's identity before the book is one-third read, and the only remaining surprise is at the density of the other actors in the story who are phenomenally long in discovering the truth.

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"THE OLD ADAM"

Readers of Arnold Bennett's *Denry the Audacious,* originally published in England under the title of *The Card,* will be glad to meet him again in middle life and to discover that at forty odd years he is still as much of a "card" as he was in the early twenties. *The Old Adam,* which together with its predecessor is almost the only product of Mr. Bennett's lighter vein that the lover of good fiction can accept with equanimity, is a fantastic, irresponsible tale on the surface, yet it has a certain underlying element of seriousness. After a score of years of placid, humdrum domesticity, Edward Henry's dormant audacity reawakens. He is nettled by his wife's calm acceptance of things as they are, more especially at her deliberate and systematic ignoring of certain erratic actions on his part that are intended to stir her into some show of feeling. The upshot of this new psychological mood of his is that he takes an amazing plunge into a new form of speculation, shakes the dust of the Five Towns from his feet, goes to London, finances and builds a new model theatre, called the Regent, because of its propinquity to Regent Circus, has many marvellous experiences with poets, playwrights, stage managers and leading ladies, and actually achieves the impossible by producing a tragedy in verse and running it for a hundred nights at a big financial profit. Credit must be given to Mr. Bennett for his own audacity in accumulating such a mass of preposterous, impossible happenings, and in making them seem not only plausible, but numbered among the established verities of life. He is one of the few writers who have acquired the wizardry of convincing sane, sober-minded people against the evidence of their own eyes and ears, and to this extent he is a public benefactor. Furthermore, he is prodigally spendthrift of big moments; every chapter, every situation ends with some unexpected yet logically inevitable touch that makes us hug ourselves as we read. *The Old Adam* is a book to be cordially recommended, though it will make its way without critical endorsement, for it contains a score of situations that will be quietly chuckled over and passed on from reader to reader. And yet, good as it is, it only serves to emphasise the unbridgable gulf between Bennett the jester and Bennett the author of *An Old Wives' Tale.*

"THE FFOLLIOTS OF REDMARLEY"

The distinctive note running through the successive volumes by L. Allen Harker lies in an ability to interpret the moods and motives of young people so as to make them intelligent to the older generation. This was strikingly apparent in the case of *Mr. Wycherly's Wards;* it is no less so in the new volume, *The Ffolliots of Redmarley.* It is a tranquil sort of story, with a minimum of plot and a generous abundance of kindly human nature and forgivable human foibles. It is a book that should be reviewed either at considerable length, with leisure to talk over the separate lovable characters, and to quote their characteristic sayings,—just as reviewers of an earlier generation must have wanted to indulge in a like leisure over Miss Alcott's *Little Women,*—or else to be summed up in a fairly brief paragraph, without attempting to spoil by too crowded a retelling episodes that derive their merit mainly from their lack of hurry, their sympathetic understanding of young hearts, their assumption that no details are superfluous if they help us to a wider understanding of fellow-beings, young or old. For the benefit of readers who lay chief stress upon a book's central plot it may be said that *The Ffolliots of Redmarley* relates the slow awakening of a young girl to an understanding of herself, and the series of events that teach her whether her happiness lies in marriage with a young army officer of her own social rank or with the picturesque and ambitious son of a village tradesman. But the really enlightened reader will care far more just to know the people of this book from day to day, to associate with them in their pleasant, wholesome home life,

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than to look forward to the ringing down of the curtain, and the popular fallacy embodied in the "lived happily ever after," of the conventional ending.

"A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND"

In *A Prisoner in Fairyland,* by Algernon Blackwood, we have a curious, unusual, puzzling type of book, over which it behooves the reviewer to exercise a certain degree of discretion. The underlying idea, the keynote, as it were, is the transference of thought and the duty of every living soul to strive to think nothing but beautiful thoughts, because in that way we may spread beauty and happiness throughout the whole world. More specifically, it is the story of the awakening of a London financier who, after long years spent in the amassing of a fortune, reverts to his early dream of becoming a great philanthropist. His awakening dates from a certain day when he revisits the scene of his childhood and, left alone at twilight in the old playground of his youth, relives the old fantastic nonsense so serious and so real to childhood,—the old, almost forgotten game of the Starlight Express for Fairyland,—and as he stands there day-dreaming, all the old fantastic, illogical creations of his childhood's imagination come trooping around him in the dusk, so real as to be almost tangible, indeed, for the time being, more real than the actualities of his prosaic, every-day business life. He sees again the Gypsy, the Creature of the Gravel-Pit, the enormous Woman of the Haystack, the Laugher, the Head Gardener, the Blue-Eyed Guard. He sees the Net of Stars being fastened into place, and he remembers the old Star Cave, "the cave where lost starlight is stored up for future use."

He just had time to seize the little hand the Guard held out, and to drop into a seat beside her, when the train began to move. It rose soundlessly with lightning speed. It shot up to a tremendous height, then paused, hovering in the night.

The Guard turned her big blue eyes upon him.

"Where to?" she whispered. And he suddenly remembered that it was always he who decided the destination, and that this time he was at a loss what to say.

"The Star Cave, of course," he cried, "the cave where the lost starlight gathers."

. . . "Which direction?" she asked. . . . "Name please, but quickly. The Interfering Sun, you know—there's no time to lose. We shall be meeting the Morning Spiders soon."

The Morning Spiders! How it all came back! The Morning Spiders that fly over the fields in the dawn upon their private threads of gossamer and fairy cotton.

He remembered that, as children, they had never actually found this Star Cave, for the Interfering Sun had always come too soon, and spoiled it all.

This will suffice to convey some idea of the strange, almost uncanny flavour of this most unusual book. It is one about which there can be no general consensus of opinion: to some readers it must remain a tissue of absurdities, an idle rigmarole of mad words; to others, it will come as a sort of fairy cloth-o'-gold, a beautiful shimmering vision of lost illusions of youth. And each class of readers will be equally right; because what is partly true of all books is superlatively true of this particular one: that the best of it lies not in what the author has put into it, but in what each individual reader can bring to it and read out of it. And to those readers to whom the romance of childhood has become a sealed book, *A Prisoner in Fairyland* necessarily has no message.

"MIXED GRILL"

It is so seldom that a volume by Mr. Pett Ridge finds a publisher in America that few readers know him except as the author of *Mordemly.* Consequently, even a collection of his short stories comes as a welcome treat. *Mixed Grill* is literally a good deal of a mixture, in situations, types of character, and social strata; and more than once the whole point of a story hinges upon certain class distinction which an American reader may be a little slow in catching, so that

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their real flavour will not be wholly caught until the second reading. But there is one story in the collection which stands out conspicuously above its fellows, and in which the social status of the central character, the nature of his environment, the very purpose of his presence, are all a carefully guarded secret up to the moment of the neat little bomb-shell constituting the closing sentence. It is called "The Wonderful Start," and it opens as follows:

> Dazed by sudden introduction to a distinguished company, he glanced eagerly and confusedly around in the hope of finding some one who would give him a smile of encouragement. The most distinguished of all, seated opposite to him, acknowledged his bow and gave the order that a chair should be offered, and this was accepted.

And while the man waits until such time as further notice shall be taken of him, his thoughts roam back to a certain day, many years earlier, when he first journeyed to London from his country home, with his father's parting injunction to be industrious and honest still ringing in his ears. We are allowed to follow him in thought throughout every minute of this wonderful day, in which everything is tinged with rose-colour, and by a happy stroke he wins unexpected commendation from his employer, —incidentally, also, he manages to retain the change of a sovereign, given him by this same employer to make some trivial purchase. Then comes the concluding paragraph:

> His name was again mentioned. He stood up, gripping the bar in front of him.
>
> "Benjamin Stansfield," recited the clerk, seated below the judge, "you are charged for that you—feloniously and fraudulently ——" A rumble of words. "How say you, Benjamin Stansfield; are you guilty, or not guilty?"
>
> "Guilty," he replied.

AMERICA—THROUGH THE COMMON EYE OF ENGLAND

BY EDGAR WALLACE

THERE is nothing quite as interesting as the common view of things, for that is the view which counts, though publicists, great leaders of national thought, and the profound and expert thinkers of the age might well take exception to a statement which discounts the value of intelligent reasoning and of efficient leadership. Every year there is held in London a gastronomical orgy, at which amiable old gentlemen deliver their souls of much emotional effervescence on the subject of the friendship between the United States of America and England.

The counterparts of these enthusiastic diners are to be found, in America, where on the very same day and at approximately the same hour, other gentlemen, no less amiable, none the less worthy, and certainly equal if not superior in strength of eloquence, dine and wine and shine to the glory of Anglo-Saxondom. It is not necessary to speak disparagingly of the Pilgrims and their worthy object. It is desirable that the English-speaking races should forever remain in concord. One does not know exactly what propaganda work the Pilgrims perform or in what measure they work to maintain pleasant relationships between the two great nations, other than letting loose upon an apathetic world a flood of felicitous oratory. Possibly the effect is more apparent on your side of the Atlantic than upon ours, where missionary work on behalf of a good understanding is absolutely unnecessary.

The writer knows of only one recorded instance where the work of the Pilgrims excited the interest of the com-

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mon people and that was the authentic case of the cab driver who was engaged to drive two pairs of hands-across-the-sea from the Hotel Cecil to their homes in Mayfair. Describing afterward his experience to an admiring circle of friends, the driver, who with the morbid curiosity of his class had listened to their conversation through the trap door in the roof, frankly admitted his inability to "place" his fares. "One feller kept sayin' that blood was thicker than water, an' the other kept talkin' about the great heart of America—they must have been either doctors or butchers."

The truth is that the average man in England knows nothing whatever about America or about American institutions, and knowing nothing of either is a most ardent admirer of both. The tide of English emigration which sets westward comes no nearer to the United States than Toronto. There was a period in the economic history of England when "America" was synonymous with a vague sanctuary to whither people "ran away." To say that So-and-so had "gone to America" was tantamount to a tacit admission of So-and-so's wrong-doing and flight. Even nowadays one sometimes hears the expression used in that sense. The writer once accompanied some police officers who were engaged in a big coining "round up." We interviewed the wife of the leader of the gang at midnight—our bird had flown. "He's gone to America," said his good wife, a-tremble with importance and triumph. "What part of America?" asked the detective. "Why, to New York, of course," replied the communicative lady scornfully, "there ain't any other America, is there?"

America to the average criminal is a place beyond the reach of the most ingenious policeman, and although not one crook in ten thousand ever essays the perilous journey, which would end ignominiously in Ellis Island, yet there is not one who has not the comforting assurance in his mind that if the worst came to the worst, there, across the western ocean, lies a great and mysterious land which would obligingly engulf him, to the confusion of his natural enemies.

"If you hear a man of a certain class say he'd like to get away to Canada," said an Assistant Commissioner of Police, "you may be sure that he is an unemployable; if he talks about Australia it is because he has friends there; if he discusses the possibility of South Africa as a scene for his industries, he has either got a patchy lung or a little capital; but if he hints at going to America, he's a crook."

This is neither complimentary nor uncomplimentary to the United States. The criminal does not regard America as a Mecca because he imagines that the code of public and private morality is on any lower scale than that of his native country—America represents to him an immense distance between himself and his pursuers. In an elementary school a little gamin was questioned as to the distance between the earth and the sun. "It is further than America, sir," replied the astounding child. There was a burst of laughter from the class. "Is that right?" asked the inspector of another boy. "'Course not, sir," said the youngster in the pride of superior knowledge, "nothing's further than America."

It is surprising how little can be learned at school even with all the advantages which a philanthropic government bestows upon the multitudinous poor. Teachers devote years of life in a patient and earnest endeavour to instil the elements of education into the youthful mind. But in no department of teaching does the task become so heart-breaking as in that which endeavours to convey to the young mind of England something concerning America. To a great extent this is due to the fact that the text-books on America employed in most of the schools are singularly uninteresting and lacking in necessary information. The writer has never yet met a child who could tell the relation of Massachusetts with Illinois.

The primal facts which stand out in the mind of the English school child are:

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(1) New York is the largest city in the United States.
(2) The Rocky Mountains and their situation.
(3) The position of San Francisco.
(4) The fact that "until recently" slavery was in existence in the Southern States.
(5) That there was a war, North against South, and that the North won.

And what the child knows about America, that also is known, though less definitely, by the adult product of the elementary schools. The names of rivers, mountains and lakes which he learned parrot like, he has forgotten—indeed, he never knew them except as tiresome words which had to be remembered on pain of punishment. England until a year or so ago was peopled with folk who had formed a fairly dogmatic view on the United States of America, which, if somewhat unorthodox and with very little justification, was nevertheless wholesome and kindly.

This, of course, does not mean the facial and sartorial characteristics of the American people. Everybody knows that the American wears chin whiskers and strapped trousers—except the cowboy section of the race. As to his idiomatic vocabulary: that he says "I guess and calculate" with a curious little inflexion of voice at the end of each sentence is so palpably true, that to combat the suggestion or to offer an alternative would be to invite ridicule. The view of the common people, to use the phrase in no priggish sense, is that the American quo American is an admirable person. In little village inns at night the writer has listened to farmers and agricultural folk discussing him with that air of admiring wonder, which more intellectual people reserve for the genius of Racine or the versatility of Leonardo da Vinci. Bucolic England regards the ideal American as a man with immense powers of initiative, inventiveness and gifts of organisation. He is always "up to something." Grafted to these excellent qualities he has the dubious quality of picturesque lying.

Even here his failing is less a matter for reprehension than for shy admiration—the sort of admiration which the village schoolmarm might accord to Pavlova. He is immensely curious, this agriculturist, as to the possibilities of American enterprise. Duty once led to a small Western town where there was a murder trial in progress and one which interested England just then. In the big bar-room where the reporters sat at night, the farmers of the neighbouring district foregathered, and never an evening passed by but the abstract question of American ingenuity cropped up.

"Heard o' latest?" "Noa." A long pause, serious eyes fixed upon the rubicond speaker, a broad-shouldered man in rough homespun and tightly buttoned leggings. "They Americans be goin' to put arl yo' dairy folk out o' business." "Dom theyre eyes," admiringly; "what'm goin' to do, Jarge?" "Theym sending milk from America in 'frigerators—that's what theym doin'." Indignant but curious growls. "Theym sharp chaps." That was the verdict: it is the verdict of seventy-five per cent. of Englishmen.

Between the country-bred and the town-bred lies a gulf so wide as to be almost unbridgable—this is a division not peculiar to England. The townsman is tolerant of the countryman, regarding him as an amiable lunatic peculiar of speech and immensely gullible. The city poor think kindly of the rustic because they consider, poor deluded things, that Hayseed has a high esteem of their wit and resourcefulness. In England, as in every other country, the attitude of the bucolic toward the townsman is one of unmitigated suspicion and distrust. But country and town alike are in agreement as to the material shrewdness of the typical American. Personally the writer is not a wildly enthusiastic believer in the hands-across-the-sea dream.

The two countries have little in common save speech. Their destinies do not

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run together, their aspirations are naturally divergent, the constituents of American nationality, too, preclude anything like an alliance of interests, for the tendency of a nation which comes into existence or arrives at its full strength by the commingling of strong and virile races, is to accept the prejudices of its adopted forefathers and take to itself all their traditions of antagonism. Thus mediæval England, though fundamentally Norman, became the hereditary enemy of France.

Knowing this, and believing in his heart of hearts that the trend of American public opinion is more Anglophobe than Anglophile, it has grieved the writer from time to time to observe the disillusionment of the English people.

For your common Englishman can find no country more worthy of his esteem than the United States. There is danger in this pet delusion. For you must remember that England, despite its lingering traces of feudalism, as represented by its hereditary legislators, despite also the rigid exclusiveness of its best aristocracy, is the most democratic country in the world. Its geographical restrictions give it, in moments of crises, a unanimity, a singleness of purpose, which nationalities spread over vaster areas and showing of necessity temperamental differences cannot in the nature of things possess. To the politician and the statesman of England the voice of the people is indeed the voice of God. Time and time again, governments the most powerful have been forced to act outside their declared policy because of the pressure which a sentimental mobility has urged upon them.

Steeped in the faith that an American is *ipso facto* good and beautiful, believing that the same amiable feeling of good-will exists on your side as on this—as it does to a limited extent—and strong in the faith that an Anglo-American entente would represent a natural and idyllic alliance, he is prepared at any moment to imperil the safety of these realms to warm himself at the sentimental fires of his own kindling.

He says openly what no statesman dare say, takes for granted conditions and policies which possibly no minister of the Crown has seriously contemplated. If America were engaged with a war with a nation so powerful that her seaboard defences were imperilled, the weight of public opinion would force England to war with that power. And that without any formal alliance or treaty.

This is a bald and possibly unconvincing prediction, but it is based on very solid foundations. Sentiment creates more bloodshed than material interest. The South African war would never have been fought if the English had not sustained a humiliating defeat at Majuba Hill, sentiment brought about the bloody conflict in Macedonia, sentiment inspired the promoters of the Franco-Prussian War, and was largely responsible for the American War of Independence and the Civil War. No ministry would be sufficiently strong to resist the pressure of a sentimental people, should America ever be called upon to meet a nation of great naval supremacy. Though it brought about the violation of existing treaties, though it first estranged and then isolated Britain from her neighbours, this result would be surely attained.

From one point of view this is a lamentable trait, because those Englishmen who have studied the trend of American thought are well aware that the adulation is not, by any means, mutual. It is not to be expected that a nationality which is in the very process of its birth, into which elements bitterly opposed to England and the English or else entirely apathetic of English thought and feeling, have not been completely absorbed, can express anything like reciprocation.

But of the German, the Italian and the Irish factor in American public life and thought, the Common Eye of England sees nothing—or, it would be more correct to say, saw nothing, until the arrival of the cinema and the growth in popularity of Picture Palaces. This is gradually educating England to a true conception of American institutions. So

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far that education has contained nothing of disillusionment.

The writer has a servant who is an inveterate patron of "movies." "What have you learned about America from the cinema?" he was asked.

Tabulating his discoveries:

(1) "Railway carriages" in America are Pullmans.
(2) Railway depots have no platforms.
(3) Policemen carry their clubs exposed to the vulgar gaze.
(4) The rule of the American road is "keep to the right." (In England, of course, all traffic keeps to the left.)
(5) All American workmen wear overalls.
(6) There is much more poverty and misery in the large American cities than he ever imagined (this from the "hard luck" films).
(7) Detectives wear a badge on their waistcoats and policemen carry revolvers.
(8) There is a large Italian population in New York.
(9) American people are clean shaven —only the "villains and fools" affecting a moustache (this view is based upon the drama-stories of the cinema).
(10) Chairmen (of companies) are called "presidents."
(11) American houses are made of wood and there is very little "metal money" in circulation.
(12) People are married in evening dress.
(13) There are telephones in every house.

It is wonderful upon how small a foundation understanding may rest. One little incident depicted upon a film opened to John a new conception of American life. This was found in the film of a domestic drama which revealed to him the existence of a class which has no exact parallel in England, namely the class which provides the student who utilises his vacation to earn the money for his college fees.

And what John learns, all England is gradually accumulating, and superimposed upon the regard which the "common English" have for their ingenious kinsmen is the newer and more wholesome respect for the independence and the courage which such conduct typifies. And this respect is rather remarkable in the Englishman who, despite all that may be said to the contrary, has nothing but suspicion for the man who rises by his own unaided efforts.

One sees this especially in the army, where the soldier will endure all manner of hardship and accept meekly the most cutting criticism from his superior, if that superior be of the class from whence the rulers of the nation are drawn, but resents bitterly and unreasoningly the admonitions and the domination of a soldier who by sheer pluck and brilliancy has raised himself to commissioned rank.

Seldom is a ranker popular with his men. Hector Macdonald, that tragic figure of contemporary history, was hated by other regiments than the Highland corps.

The English are a conventional people who do not set up idols except after long and careful consideration. Emotion occupies very small place in the Englishman's equipment, and he does not rashly upraise the golden calf. But when he does, it is fixed and immovable. It stands unshaken by passing storm, steadfast against the torrents of destructive criticism.

The heated controversy which the Panama Bill excited amongst the clubmen never extended to the suburbs or to the villages.

There are people who say that America and the Americans are hated in England. This "fact" even appears in print from time to time. When the writer reads "England Hates Americans" in a New York paper he skips that particular story, merely casting his mind back a week or two in an attempt to remember which American actor or actress it was who failed to draw London, or who was the impressario whose error ran into six figures.

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THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY SOLVED

BY PROF. ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, LL.G.; O.U.K.I.D., ETC.,
UNIVERSITY OF CAMFORD.

DID Bacon write Shakespeare?

This question, which has so long vexed the literary world, I can now answer with a positive affirmation. Bacon did write Shakespeare. I have the proofs.

My attention was first called to this controversy in the summer of 1902. I had up to that time given it no thought, but happening to spend a few days at Stratford (On-Avon) I visited the Shakespearean birthplace, and upon returning to my inn one evening I asked the waitress to fetch me a light repast of ham, cut from the joint, and eggs.

"The 'am is hall 'et, sir," she assured me, "but I could give you some 'am omelette, sir. Or some bacon, sir."

This remark, from this guileless maid, attracted my attention, and the more I studied it the more I became convinced it contained a hidden meaning, which she was seeking to convey to me. In short, by considering the words carefully, I discovered they were a cryptogrammatical phonorythm. If the utterly useless syllable "om" be dropped from "ham omlette" we have "hamlette" or Hamlet. No one but a fool can deny this. That was what I first discovered. But why did the serving maid utter the word "sir" three times? Evidently but to emphasise it. "Sir—sir—sir!" Sir what? Sir Bacon! In other words, she was telling me that Sir Bacon was the author of *Hamlet*. I was immediately convinced. She was a very, very pretty girl. Truth and beauty are one.

Following this discovery, I wrote my essay entitled "Shakespeare or Bacon; Positive Proof That Bacon Wrote Shakespeare," which was refused by eighteen magazines and reviews. It was evident the public was still unconvinced, and I set about securing more positive proof—or rather, proof that would convince the multitude. The thought immediately came to me that the best method would be to find something—as a box or coffer—hidden in the bottom of some river or brook.

Upon consideration I decided to find something buried in the river Zee,* and proceeded by tram to Haddonsfield, Berks,† through which the Zee winds its way. Here I secured the services of a surveyor, Mr. Henry Wiggins, Esq., and a navvy, Bill Dykes, and began operations. Setting up his stethoscope‡ at the corner of the third house from the left as you go up the hill from the right hand turn, Mr. Wiggins triangulated his quadrant against the perhelion and subtracted the square root, thus giving the bicuspid parallel, which was what we wished to secure. Keeping his eye on this spot Bill Dykes walked into the river and felt along the bottom with his hand.

"I feels summat 'ard, zir," he cried in a moment, and even he, stupid fellow as he was, expressed his exultation by a tremor of the voice.

"Bring it here," I cried. My pulse was rapid, and my temperature about 101½. The good fellow bent down, grasped the hard object and brought it to the surface of the water, and in a moment he had it lying on the bank of the river. Imagine our chagrin when we discovered he had pulled up the mouth

*Note: Possibly an error. There seems to be no such river. (Editor.)

†Note: There seems to be no Haddonsfield in Berks: Does the author mean Haddonfield, New Jersey? (Editor.)

‡Note: In America the stethoscope is not used by surveyors. Probably an error of the typist. (Editor.)

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of the Haddonsfield sewer and had brought it to shore. On account of this misfortune we were compelled to lose a week before we could get bail. We discovered later that our error was in subtracting fourteen from seven in our computations with the stethoscope. As a matter of fact, fourteen from seven can't be done; you have to borrow ten. But such slight errors are apt to creep in. It is not always easy to borrow ten.

Our next attempt was better rewarded. Upon wading into the river Bill Dykes stubbed his toe against a hard object, which, upon raising it—and this required our united efforts—we found to be a well-preserved Chippendale high-boy of the Elizabethan period.* Opening the lid† we peered in and discovered a talcum tin‡ sealed in rubber sheeting,§ which I tore open with trembling hands. In a moment I had the talcum tin open, and found in my hands a leather-bound memorandum book about eight and one-half by five and one-half inches in size in perfect preservation.|| Upon the cover of this book was stamped in gilt "Bacon, Hys Booke. Kepe Out. Thyss Means You!" I immediately opened the book.

I need not say here that what I saw in that book will, for the most part, be withheld for publication in my forthcoming volume (Doublepage, Scribbler and Company, 8vo. $5.00. Postage, 28 cents), entitled *Shake or Bake, Who Done It?,* but I give here one page reproduced by photography from the memorandum book found in the Chippendale high-boy. A very cursory examination of this page is alone sufficient to convince the most sceptical that Bacon did indeed write Shakespeare. Compare the signature of Sir Roger Bacon* at the bottom of the page with that of William Shakespeare at the top. Evidently Bacon was trying to create a "fake" signature to affix to the plays to hide his identity, but the resemblance between the two signatures is at once apparent.†

But even more important is the evidence elsewhere on this page. "Write *Novum Organum* by June 10th," assures us beyond a doubt that Roger Bacon‡ himself penned the page. "Began *Hamlet* June 9th, 8 A.M., completed same June 9th, noon," leaves no doubt that the *Novum Organum* and *Hamlet* were written by the same hand. Indeed, the page seems to have been a sort of commonplace page on which Bacon scribbled, and this was the more likely, as the rest of the book is composed of laundry lists, "income and expense" accounts, and so forth, on which pages he would not be likely to scribble at random. Observe the manner in which, when seeking a *nom de plume,* he tried one name and then another—"Shakebeer," "Shakehalberd," "Breakspear," "Shakespear," and so forth. And also how he arrives at the final name as we know it after trying "Tommy Shakespear," "Jimmy Shakespear," and so forth. This is all very interesting.§ Also interesting is his attempt to delineate the man he has created, and the rough notes for titles for plays he no doubt had in mind at that time, as *Omlette, Prince of Eggsylvania.* This can be nothing but our beloved *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,* in embryo. "Mike Booth"; what but *Macbeth?* And "Welsh Rabbit Dream?" Is this not the first hint of the comedy we all love?

*Note: No doubt a typographical error. Except for the facts that Chippendale made no high-boys, and lived long after the Elizabethan era the statement seems plausible. (Editor.)

†Note: High-boys have no lids. (Editor.)

‡Note: Nonsense! There were no talcum tins until the nineteenth century. (Editor.)

§Note: This is utter poppycock. Rubber is a much later discovery. (Editor.)

||Note: We are inclined to doubt this. How could a book of this size be forced into a talcum tin? (Editor.)

*Note: This is important if true. Heretofore the controversy has been that Sir Francis Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare, and it was not known that Roger Bacon was a knight. This seems a most important contribution to the history of petrified English literature. (Editor.)

†Note: Strikingly so! (Editor.)

‡Note: Roger (?) Bacon? (Editor.)

§Note: Indeed it is! (Editor.)

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To the student of Shakespeare this page found by me in the Zee will be a source of endless study. As for myself, I am convinced the matter of who wrote Shakespeare's plays is settled forever. But one thing troubles me now. When will the Aldermen of the city of New York grant me the freedom of the city?

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

II. To a Young Man whose Novel has not Sold Well

Cape Neddick, Maine,
November 23, 19—.

My dear Luttrelle:

I am sorry to learn from your letter of Sunday that your book, *The Divagations of Divot,* has not sold more than twenty-thousand copies in four weeks. I cannot understand why it has not gone better. I have read it through twice, and it seems to me to have all the qualities of weakness and mediocrity, hurried writing, mushy sentiment, risque suggestion, and generally despondent tone, that have caused Jarroway Henderson's books to go into their thirty-third ton within two days of publication every autumn for the past seven years. But it is a strange thing about the literary game, as I believe it is now called, that you cannot ever successfully predicate the popularity of one book on the favour accorded another book just like it. I remember some years ago when I was a reader for a well-known publishing house that waxed prosperous because it invariably accepted whatever I condemned, and rejected everything I praised, I tried conscientiously by a close scrutiny of all the Best-Sellers for a period of ten years to ascertain what were the precise qualities that made a book sell. Of course any mediocre person who has any literary standards at all can tell you why a book is good, or why it is bad, but why it will or will not sell—ah, my dear fellow, that is another question, and one which makes me feel that Wall Street and Monte Carlo are no worse as Infernos for the exercise of the gambling spirit than dear old Grub Street, where the poor publishers do mostly congregate. I found it absolutely impossible to reduce the Best-Sellers of the decade to their essentials, because they varied so therein that no man, no matter how scientifically equipped for the task he might be, could, as Gilbert would have expressed it,

> Take of these elements all that's reducible,
> Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible,
> Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,

to find

> A Best-Selling Tale in the residuum.

In the old days of say twenty or thirty years ago, when authors and publishers were satisfied with editions instead of carloads, a young man starting out in literature could assure himself of certain definite facts in respect to the art he intended to practise, by assiduous devotion to the underlying principles of which he could hope definitely to take his place among the literati of the day, provided, of course, he had anything at all to say. For example, a command of English was one of the essentials of success in those days; a line of convictions as to Life itself, and the way we live it, was desirable; and if the beginner were something of a philosopher, with a touch of wit in his discourse, it did not stand in his way. The author's *personality* counted for something, whether this were shown in his literary style, his fastidious terminology, or the vigour of his convictions —it mattered little so long as he had it, but to-day we have changed all that. One can make a pretty good guess as to what sort of a chap Thackeray was in his contact with his fellows from a read-

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ing of his books; the character of Dickens can be built up by almost any sympathetic reader of his writings who will take the trouble to find the author of *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* in and between his lines; and of course Carlyle in his *French Revolution* not only revealed the inner workings of that massive struggle in his great work, but laid bare the rugged soul of Thomas Carlyle himself in its inspired pages. But can you find the slightest hint of dear little Tommy Wimpleton in that sanguinary novel of his, *The Legions of the Air,* in which the villain, a veritable Desperate Desmond, hurls his rival out of his Bleriot machine to certain death, only to see him caught on the fly by Dora Vanderbridge, the Girl of Tomorrow, who happens to be scouting over Newport in her little monoplane runabout? I am sure that if anybody ever asked me to construct the author of *Legions of the Air,* with its preposterous melodrama, its dripping gore, and resonant thunder, from what appears in its pages, I should at once conjure up the picture of a huge pirate of a man whose contorted features were only half-concealed by fierce red-whiskers of which Captain Kidd himself would have been fearful, with a fist on him like that of a pugilist, and a temper comparable only to that of some as yet unrecorded male Xantippe, instead of poor, lady-like, little Wimpleton himself, who was known in college as "Sister Tommy," and who was not allowed to sing in the Glee Club because the boys did not think it would look well for them to be travelling around the country with a soprano. At the club we instinctively talk to Wimpleton about Woman's Rights, and Harkaway invariably speaks of him as "that Suffragent Wimpleton." And it is that way with many more of them. If Larry Braithwaite was like his novels none of us would dare be seen speaking to him on the street; and as for Jarroway Henderson, for whom I have a very deep personal affection, the most offensively popular writer of the lot, they tell me at the Author's Union that he always takes an antiseptic bath after writing an instalment of his novelised town-tattle so that he may play with his children without exposing them to the contagion of his ouput. No, Luttrelle, it isn't *personality* that makes for success in literature these days; nor is it *conviction,* for I defy you to find an atom of conviction in any line of Wimpleton, Braithwaite, or Henderson; and as for English, I regret to have to record the fact that they do not even write good Indiana, which is at least virile, and as Near-English as any of the literary substitutes for the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton as a Just-As-Good-As Age has yet been able to invent. I am not sneering at Indiana, mind you. It has produced much that is striking in our literature; much that sheds a ray of hope on the somewhat turgid literary stream of the hour, and in my judgment it has produced the most polished stylist we have among our younger writers in Tark Boothington—my point merely is that the English of Wimpleton, Braithwaite, *et al.,* is not only not that of the Fathers, but falls far short of the best substitute American literature has produced for it.

What then has the beginner of the day left on which he can count to boost him up the ladder to the heights of fame?

I am inclined to believe, my dear Luttrelle, that there is but one thing that can do it, and that is *Publicity*. And now that I think of it the second time, perhaps I should modify what I have said about *Personality,* and say that after all, *Personality* does count in these days, *only it must be developed not by yourself in your work, but by your press-agent in the exploitation of your work.* I fancy that is truer than my previous intimation—you may not be permitted by your readers to indulge your real *ego* in your tales, but in your personality as set forth in the advertising columns of the press as pure reading matter, the reader does take an unquestioned, I might almost say an unlawful interest, and in fact finds his curiosity whetted

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by what he reads there to such a degree that he buys your book to see what sort of a thing it is anyhow. It may be then that the reason why your *Divagations of Divot* has hung fire is that your publisher has neglected to arouse any particular curiosity as to your personal habits, peculiarities, methods of work, hobbies, and so forth. You might look into this, and see just what press-matter your publishers have sent out, and if, as I suspect, it has been either slender in quantity, or unsensational in character, do you get them to go after the *publicity* end of your affair a little more strenuously.

If it will help you any I will give you a few suggestions as to what they might do along certain already tried lines that have proved effective, which you may submit to them if you desire to do so. I have always agreed with an early associate of mine that "one practical suggestion is worth all the theories in creation," and doubtless your publishers will welcome a few concrete examples of what you propose to have done. So, as a beginning, let them send out something like this:

Hankinson Luttrelle, the author of *The Divagations of Divot,* now in its seventy-seventh large edition, never writes a line without a basket of fresh olives on his desk, and within easy reach of his hand. The basket is replenished daily, and Mr. Luttrelle feels that his day's work is not quite finished until the last olive has been consumed. As an indication of the clock-like regularity of his output it is interesting to note that Mr. Luttrelle's word capacity is just one hundred words to the olive, so that when the fruit has been entirely consumed, and the young author stops work for the day, the number of words written can be exactly estimated by the number of pits on the ash-tray placed alongside of his typewriting machine.

An item of this sort will give the public a notion that you are a man of strong temperamental peculiarities of a likable nature, and the very originality of the idea involved will inspire them to buy your book to see what results are obtained from that special kind of diet. Then you might follow along with something like this:

When he is not engaged in the writing of his fascinating stories of modern life, Mr. Hankinson Luttrelle, the talented young author of *The Divagations of Divot,* now in its ninety-eighth printing, spends most of his time raising Toad-Stools under glass. In the attic of his very charming home at Wrigglemere-by-the-Dunes he has a dozen cold-frames, covered with leaded-glass, designed for him by the way by Rubesco di Harduppi, the young Italian Preraphaelite whose engagement to Miss Marjorie Vanderglim was prematurely announced last winter, filled with sea-sand and powdered cork, with a top-soil of red clay from Red Bank, New Jersey, in which he has been brilliantly successful in producing a Toad-Stool that is so like a Mush-room that even the Pure Food Experts at Washington were deceived by them at the Food Show last autumn. Here Mr. Luttrelle works from three to four o'clock every morning, gathering strength and developing ideas for his series of stirring stories of life on Upper Fifth Avenue, of which the very successful *Divagations of Divot* is the first.

Here you have an item that will appeal with especial force to the women, whose interest in Garden Work has been so phenomenally developed in the past few years, inspiring them to purchase your story in large quantities where it is just possible they are not now showing any interest in it at all. Do not make the mistake, however, of confining your hobby to Toad-Stool Culture. You must not narrow down your clientele to any one class of Hobbyists, bearing in mind that there are fads and fads, and that each separate and distinct section of the country may have its own separate and distinct obsession. For instance, out beyond the Mississippi people are rather more interested in Alfalfa than in Toad-Stools, so for Nebraska, Wyoming, Kansas, and the Dakotas I would modify that particular paragraph to read thus:

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When he is not engaged in the writing of his fascinating stories of modern life, Mr. Hankinson Luttrelle, the talented young etcetera of *The Divagations of Divot,* now in its three-hundred and forty-seventh American edition, spends most of his time at his farm at Wrigglemere-by-the-Dunes, where he has been preëminently successful in experimenting with the possibilities of Alfalfa as a substitute for Spinach, having produced a bale of Alfalfa in a single cold-frame that was pronounced by Professor Burbank, to whom it was submitted, as a "prime quality of spinach, having a flavour suggestive of asparagus at its best."

As I think this matter over I strongly recommend this paragraph even if you balk at the other, because in the course of time the item will be brought to Dr. Burbank's attention, and he of course will indignantly deny that he ever heard of you, your alfalfaised spinach, or your book. His denial will naturally be published broadcast by the Associated Press, and you will shortly after see great headlines in all the prominent newspapers in the country from Maine to California on *The Burbank-Luttrelle Controversy;* reporters will call upon you for a statement; Sunday newspapers everywhere will want photographs of your Alfalfa beds, and so on *ad lib.* You will get a million dollars worth of publicity for absolutely nothing save the slight discomfort attendant upon trying to convince reporters that you have nothing further to say, and that you do not propose to be drawn into a controversy on the subject of alfalfa, spinach, literature, or asparagus, by Dr. Burbank or anybody else. Meanwhile *The Divagations of Divot* will begin to divagate at the rate of thirty-thousand copies a day, and your fortune will be made.

In this way you can run the gamut of men's hobbies, showing yourself interested in entomological collections, comprising cut-worms of all ages, possibly outlining a scheme of entomological eugenics by which in crossing a cut-worm with a book-worm you hope to produce a literary reptile that will act as a substitute for a paper-cutter, which will endear you alike to the Bibliophile and the Vermologist; showing yourself interested again in poultry raising, which paragraph might be accompanied by a photograph of yourself sitting in your library trying to improve the temper of a broody hen by reading aloud to her extracts from Rostand's *Chanticler,* as a relaxation from the perplexities of literary composition; going thence on through all the bypaths of avocation in which men of genius relieve their vocational anxieties. The scheme will work, but only if you keep at it everlastingly. Be not content with one item, but turn yourself into a veritable mitrailleuse of gossip anent yourself and your ways. As the poet might have put it if he had lived in these times:

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Shows by thy pen no advertising won.

When ideas as to yourself run out, as they infallibly must in time, fall back upon anecdotes about your children. These are always effective. For example:

Young Hankinson Luttrelle, Jr., the five-year-old son of the brilliant young author of *The Divagations of Divot,* appears to be a chip of the old block. Asked by a recent visitor to the family if he intended to write like his father, the lad replied that such was his intention.

"And what are you going to write, Hanky?" asked the visitor. "Poems or novels?"

"Cheques," replied the lad. "Ma says they're the best things Pa does."

Mr. Luttrelle's new novel, *The Provocations of Piffle,* will not be published until next autumn, the demand for *The Divagations of Divot* being so great as to tax the presses of his publishers to their fullest capacity.

This will win you a place in the family circle, and a great many people observing that you are a father will buy the *Divagations* on the theory that as the parent of a five-year-old boy you would not write anything that could not safely be left on the drawing-room table.

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In handling the juvenile line of paragraphs, however, you must be careful to preserve the unities. It would not do to put anything in Hankinson Junior's mouth that a boy of five would not be likely to say, such, for instance, as that "as a parent I find my father altogether in accord with my most idealistic conceptions of fatherhood, but from a literary point of view it strikes me that the old man is a trifle weak in certain intimations of an anthropological nature too subtly discursive to be discussed in the time at our disposal at this immediate juncture." A paragraph like that might go in Boston, but it would not pull a single copy of your book out of the fires of oblivion in the neighbourhood of Kokomo, or Tin Horn, Arizona.

I might go on in this way, my dear Luttrelle, forever, and still not cover half the possibilities of this sort of publicity, but *cui bono?* "A verb to the sap should always be suff," as dear old Bilkins used to say, and one does not have to read your *Divagations* more than once to realise that you have sap enough in your noddle to fill the Panama Canal from end to end thrice over. So with the hope that my little hint will prove serviceable to you, and that the sale of *The Divagations of Divot* will be so great that you will never have to write another book of the same sort, I leave you.

Give my best to your family and please explain to your wife that I was not really as rude as I seemed on the 'phone last Friday when I hung up the receiver so abruptly. She asked me what I thought of Blenkinsop's latest novelisation of the Kitchen view of New York Society, and under the laws of the State of New York I did not dare tell her over the wire.

Affectionately your friend,

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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AFTERWARD

BY GEORGE STERLING

HERE in the dale sweet waters grieve,
  Where fountains westward sob and flow,
And I gave my love to drink at eve
  From a lily's cup of snow.

White were the stars beyond her head
  As was the chalice whence she quaffed,
And wet her lips as she smiled and said
  How low the waters laughed.

I have forgotten if so it seemed
  In that communing dusk to me,
Tho I forget not that which we dreamed
  Ere the river met the sea.

Now, O brook of the cancelled years,
  I watch your vesper stream depart!
Its mourning flood is one with my tears,
  And its sound is in my heart.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Wilsam. Nethersole. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. The Pathos of Distance. Huneker. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

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4. The Truth About the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Blossom Shop. Mullins. (Page.) $1.00.
2. Jim Davis. Masefield. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Vacation Camping for Girls. Marks. (Appleton.) $1.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Air Pilot. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Guinevere's Lover. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. An Affair of State. Snaith. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Best Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Boy Scouts on Panama Canal. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. Meadow Brook Girls. Aldridge. (Altemus.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Right of Strongest. Green. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. Training the Boy. McKeever. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. The Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Our Vanishing Wild Life. Hornaday. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Heart of Night Wind. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) $1.50.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Republic Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
2. Minimum Wage and Syndicalism. Boyle. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
4. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Golden Book. Strang. (Doran.) $1.00.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Master Skylark. Bennett. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DES MOINES, IA.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Roast Beef, Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. The Bird Guide. Read. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Squaw Lady. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Wilderness Trail. Williams. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report

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DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Making of Thomas Barton. Nicholas. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Last Leaf. Hosmer. (Putnam.) $2.00.
3. Auto Blue Book. (Auto Blue Book Co.)
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

Juveniles

No report.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Unforgiving Offender. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Social Environment and Moral Progress. Wallace. (Cassell.) $1.25.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. Curtis. (Browne.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
4. The Play of To-day. Hunt. (Lane.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

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4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Wings of Pride. Mabie. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON- FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No Report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of a Soldier. Pickett. (Moyle.) $1.30.
4. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eves. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Jean Christophe: Journey's End. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Woman with Empty Hands. Anon. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.
3. The Business of Being a Woman. Tarbell. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Hollow-Tree-Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eves. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. Gettysburg. Singmaster. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. The Pathos of Distance. Huneker. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. (Verrill.) $1.50.
2. Grunty Grunts. (Feist.) 50 cents.
3. The Flight Brothers. Henderson. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill: (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Toya. Kelly. (Small, Maynard.) $1.00.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Alfred Noyes's Works. (Stokes.) $1.25, $1.35, $1.75.
2. Statesman's Year Book. Keltie. (Macmillan.) $3.00.
3. Welcome to Our City. Street. (Lane.) $1.00.
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

Juveniles

1. Boy Scouts' Handbook. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. Verrill. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Americans in Panama. Scott. (Statler.) $1.35.
3. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Poor Little Rich Girl. Gates. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Do Something! Be Something! Kaufman. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Mrs. Rorer's Ice Creams and Water Ices. Rorer. (Arnold.) 75 cents.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Lieutenant Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Confessions of a Tenderfoot. Stock. (Holt.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Batter Up. Williams. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Little Topsy Thistle. Warren. (McKay.) 50 cents.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.
4. Michael. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.35.
5. El Dorado. Orczy. (Doran.) $1.35.
6. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Food and Flavor. Finck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

Juveniles

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Fiction

1. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. Panama and What It Means. Fraser. (Cassell.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Best Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) $1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. With Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) $1.20.
4. A Midsummer Wooing. Bassett. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.30.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Pussy Black Face. Saunders. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. Thomsen. (Row, Peterson.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) $1.20.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boys on the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Business of Being a Woman. Tarbell. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Silver Island of the Chippewas. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Motor Boating for Boys. Davis. (Harper.) 50 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Scarlet Rider. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
2. The Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) $2.00.
3. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

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4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska, an Empire in the Making. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. European Cities at Work. Howe. (Scribner.) $1.75.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Francke. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Army Boy in the Philippines. Kilbourne. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.20.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Sam Lloyd's Puzzles. Lloyd. (McKay.) $1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Christianizing the Social Order. Rauschenbusch. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Larger Aspects of Socialism. Walling. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Peggy Owen. Madison. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp, Clark.) $1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Musson.) $1.25.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod and Allen.) $1.25.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (McClelland.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.

NON-FCTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Auction Bridge of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

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3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. The Joy of Living. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 45 cents.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Boy Scout Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Illustrated South America. Boyce. (Rand, McNally.) $2.50.
2. Pickett and His Men. Pickett. (Lippincott.) $2.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 50 cents.
3. Tell It Again Stories. Emerson and Dillingham. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	435
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	351
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	150
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35	149
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40	148
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30	54

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